OCTOBER 20, 1980
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Showman Of Science
Astronomer Carl Sagan

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OCTOBER 20, 1980 Vol. 116 No. 16 **TIME** THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

Science Editor Fred Golden first met Carl Sagan, this week's cover subject, in 1969, when TIME did a story on possible earth contamination from the Apollo 11 moon-landing mission. Golden, who had just come to the subject after writing for the World section, was eager to develop a list of specialists he could count on for expert advice and story ideas. He struck gold with Sagan and his gift for putting complex ideas into compelling language. Golden remembers him as a "very accessible and articulate young scientist who had a marvelous ability to get quickly to the heart of an issue —an unusual and enviable talent in a scientist." Sagan went on to assist TIME in a number of important celestial undertakings, including stories about the 1976 Viking landing on Mars and the possibilities of extraterrestrial life. "In those days Sagan did the work and we did the writing," says Golden. "Now, of course, he writes and talks for himself."

Sagan's growing celebrityhood, the latest manifestation of which is *Cosmos*, his PBS-TV science series, has made him a bit less accessible to Golden for last-minute consultations. But he is certainly no less articulate and remains a valuable source. Golden has also been a helpful source for Sagan, who once called to learn about Soviet plans to launch space probes to Venus. Sagan could be the last of the Renaissance scientists, reports Golden. He is equally at home in the observatory, on the television screen and in the wine cellar.

BURTON BERINSKY

Golden watching *Cosmos*

For his cover story, Golden relied chiefly on reports from New York Bureau Chief Peter Stoler, who interviewed Sagan in Los Angeles. Stoler, who has known Sagan since 1975 when Stoler was serving as TIME's Science writer, spent the whole day following him, from the Griffith Park Observatory to the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, to Venice, Calif., for a photograph of Sagan "on the shore of a cosmic ocean." Explains Stoler: "Since a real cosmic ocean was unavailable, we had to settle for the Pacific." The story was researched by Philip Faflick, who held jobs programming computers and writing mathematical games for grade-school students before becoming the Science section's reporter-researcher. Despite that expertise, he has found working with a scientist like Sagan a humbling experience. Says Faflick: "It was a daily reminder of how much I did not know."

John a. Meyer

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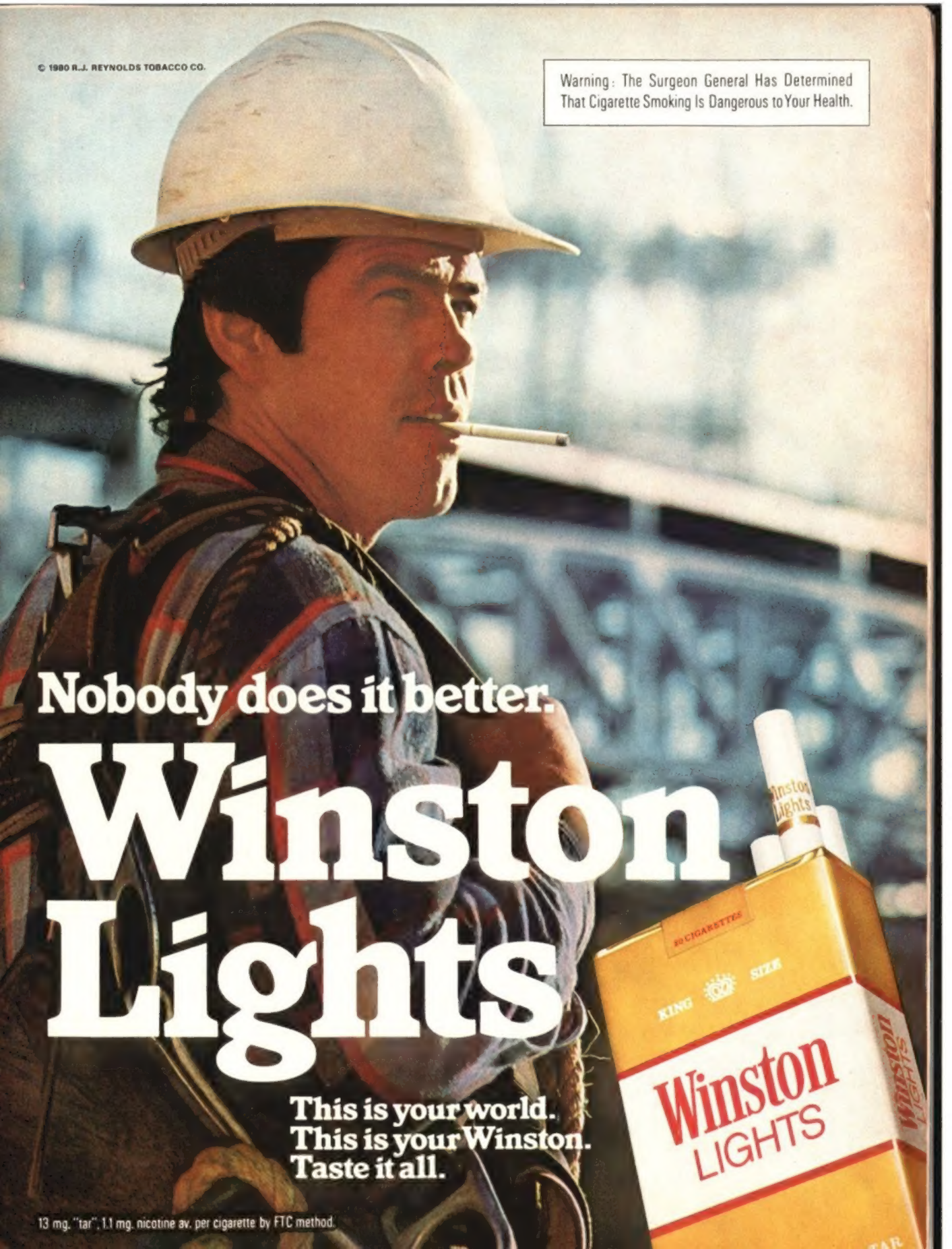
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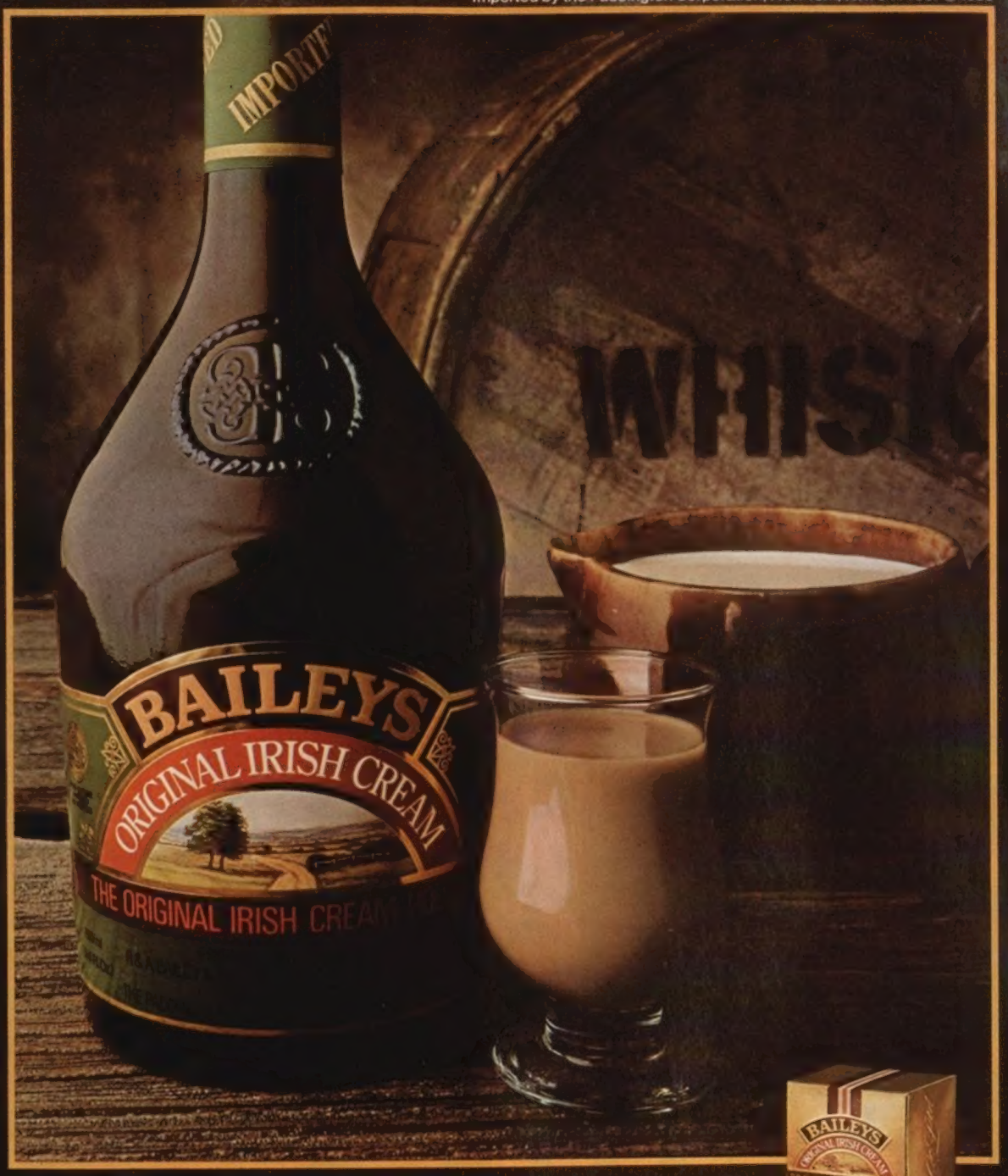

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Letters

Bear Crazy

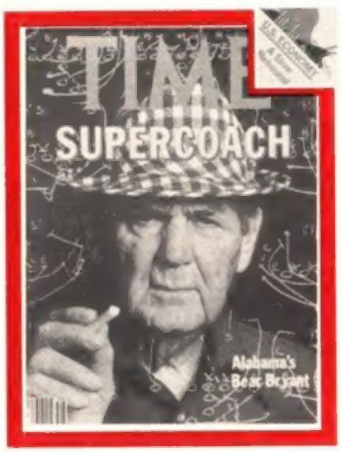
To the Editors:

In 1960 our new high school coach told us we could beat anybody. He showed us films narrated by Bear Bryant [Sept. 29]. We freshmen thought Bryant was crazy. We thought our coach was crazy. We were undefeated.

Brian Bailey
Nashville

The influence of Coach Bryant reaches far beyond the campus and the state of Alabama. My son, who plays football at little Roger Williams College in Rhode Island, always wears under his uniform an Alabama football jersey. For a few hours on Saturday afternoon he too is a Crimson Tider.

Maurice H. Patterson
Providence



Bear Bryant has in full measure those sacrosanct qualities of a successful football coach: he understands the game, and he believes that it's important.

Osmond C. Kretschmar
Brimfield, Mass.

Supercoach? Not quite. He will deserve such praise when he beats the one team that has always eluded him—the Fighting Irish of Notre Dame. In three attempts against the Irish, Bryant has lost.

Michael Ribotta
San Francisco

Campaign Punches

In his article "More Than a Candidate" [Sept. 29], Hugh Sidey quotes "St. Harry" in an effort to deny Jimmy Carter his right to be warmly human. That is an irony we ordinary folk can hardly comprehend. Where was Sidey when Truman was trying to associate Henry Wallace with the Communists? We re-elected Harry in 1948; I predict we will re-elect Jimmy in 1980. He is one of us.

Earl D. Martin
Gloucester, Va.

After I heard Ronald Reagan blaming President Jimmy Carter's policies for the war between Iraq and Iran, I only wonder that he did not also blame Carter for the eruption of Mount St. Helens.

Eugenie Seredin-Sabatin
Los Gatos, Calif.

President Carter labels Governor Reagan a warmonger. Lyndon Johnson tried to pin the same accusation on Barry Goldwater in 1964 and won re-election, then sent 600,000 men to Viet Nam.

Brian B. Tousley
Monterey, Calif.

Does God Hear Jews?

Southern Baptist Conference President Bailey Smith is right. God does not hear the prayers of any person who says Jesus Christ is not the Messiah [Sept. 29]. Nor does God listen to the needs of every person who calls on him. It has nothing to do with racism, culture or class.

(The Rev.) Norman Koop
Deerfield Street, N.J.

The Rev. Mr. Smith gives just another reason why global brotherhood will never be attained. It is unbelievable that anyone, especially in a leadership role, could deny the accessibility of God to any people.

Mark Naigles
Providence

If God cannot hear a Jew's prayers, how could he hear those of Jesus, a Jew?

Richard Niles
Hackensack, N.J.

Licensing Teachers

Your story on requiring licenses for teachers claimed that Philosopher Mortimer Adler's proposal [Sept. 29] would "weaken control of teaching by teachers." Teachers, however, have very little control to be weakened. More crucial, Mr. Adler's plan would weaken control of teaching by teachers of teaching—a necessary change, it seems to me, a teacher.

Jack W. Rhodes
Charleston, S.C.

The only product of Adler's plan to improve teaching would be clones of Adler loaded with information about "history, great literature and art." These humanoid teachers might recite such catechisms while their students are trying to survive drugs, vandalism, rape, poverty and gang warfare.

Edward R. Fagan
University Park, Pa.

Dollars for Kindergarten

You partly miss the point in your story about the pressure of enrolling children in nursery schools and kindergartens [Sept. 29]. Many of us who struggle to meet private school tuition costs have de-

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Letters

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Hovey C. Clark
San Francisco

Yankee Come Home

Heartfelt thanks for your article highlighting the plight of America's latest endangered species, the U.S. citizen abroad [Sept. 29]. I hope Golden Fleecer Senator Proxmire has a relief bill for the nonmink-clad who return home jobless and savingsless because of the interplay of high cost of living abroad and high U.S. taxes. Ironically, the Communists have been painting the walls for years with YANKEE GO HOME, but it is Proxmire and the U.S. Treasury boys who are implementing that slogan.

Thomas L. Hughes
Caracas

No Wastes There

In your story "The Poisoning of America" [Sept. 22], Union Carbide is identified as having voluntarily removed drums of its waste materials from the Chemical Control Corp. disposal site in Elizabeth, N.J., after the facility was closed by the state. Union Carbide did not have any waste at that site.

Jackson B. Browning, Corporate Director
Health, Safety & Environmental Affairs
Union Carbide Corp., New York City

The Push for Nuclear Power

This country's halting and timid approach to the development of nuclear power [Sept. 22] will lead to an international showdown over energy just as certainly as the Munich appeasement led to the second World War. When the energy shortage really hits, the classic basis for armed conflict will be established. Of what value to President Carter will his environmentalist constituency be then?

Howard L. Vener
Marblehead, Mass.

Recognizing a significant threat to human health and welfare and controlling the proliferation of its source constitute a great advance over boosting the production of a dangerously flawed system. By resisting the pressure from other nations to push ahead on nuclear energy, the U.S. is the champion, not the black sheep.

Eric Gellert
Mercer Island, Wash.

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American Scene

In Texas: the Uses of Yesterday

The post hospital burned down long ago. So did Officers' Quarters No. 5. But the 21 remaining limestone buildings at Fort Concho—the enlisted men's barracks, the two-story headquarters that dominates the parade ground, the officers' row—all glint beige-red in the West Texas sunset as they did 100 years ago.

Complicated historical ghosts inhabit the place. In the 1870s the fort was the headquarters for the U.S. Army's District of the Pecos. Across this territory over the centuries, Comanches and Kiowas and Kickapoos, Mexicans and Spanish and the other European strains all foraged, collided, killed, displaced, settled. Among the ghosts, a historical curio: the "Buffalo Soldiers," black cavalry troopers, ex-slaves mostly, who were recruited after the Civil War and sent west to help the whites get established in the inhospitable vastness. After 20 years, the work was done. In 1889 the troopers mounted up and rode away from Fort Concho for the last time, while the regimental band played *The Girl I Left Behind Me.* Four years later, Frederick Jackson Turner proclaimed his elegiac thesis that the frontier, the decisive molding influence of the American character, was gone.

Today, in Officers' Quarters No. 7, John Vaughan, 46, director of Fort Concho, plots an act of historical conjuration. "As it was, so it shall be," says a card that decorates the blueprints on his office wall. Vaughan, a 6-ft. 6-in. Tennessean with a voice that sounds like an intellectual version of the old *Gunsmoke* deputy, Chester, speaks with a sort of loving surprise about the fort. A skilled stonemason and carpenter, as well as historian, Vaughan came to San Angelo from Alabama last year. He wants to build a reproduction of the Fort Concho hospital and install the elementary school there, tearing down the school that now stands in the middle of the old parade ground. The old fort buildings will be occupied by a fine arts museum, by civic groups and even lawyers' offices. But Vaughan wants to remove the outward appearances of the 20th century—the asphalt streets and overhead phone lines, for example—and bring back nearly everything except the bugles and the intense boredom the soldiers suffered 100 years ago when they were not banging up and down the High Plains or getting drunk in San Angelo.

The fort will have to be a labor of tour-

DANY P. CONNOLLY

Renovator John Vaughan kneeling before the headquarters building of Fort Concho

ism as well as historical piety, of course. Since the Bicentennial, Americans have become great refurbishers of the past, though often in a merely Disney way. They want the past to speak to them; but, especially in the '60s and '70s, it occurred to many to wonder whether the past was telling them the truth. John Wayne repeatedly re-enacted one version of the Fort Concho mythology, but the claims of other perspectives have been rising. Wayne Daniel, 38, Fort Concho's librarian and archivist, speaks wistfully about including disparate points of view in the restored fort—perhaps inviting Indians down from Oklahoma to help prepare exhibits. But most of the Indians were either extinguished or driven onto reservations generations ago. The blacks who served at Fort Concho were transients there and mostly illiterate. Even in San Angelo they have left few traces.

In any case, whatever voice history uses in San Angelo must be rich, many layered and full of irony. If every great

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By Victor Borge

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American Scene

fortune, as Balzac said, is founded on a crime, a lot of good American towns, especially in the West, were built on nothing more dignified—or sinister, for that matter—than whisky and whorehouses. San Angelo, which now envelops the fort, got its start that way. Its economy in the first days grew robust upon soldiers' payday recreations and the gamy appetites of buffalo hunters. Susan Miles, 89, daughter of one of the earlier settlers, manages to sound both scandalized and amused about the town's atmosphere even after the fort closed down: "Big drinking meant big progress. I remember the painted girls riding around town late in the afternoon with their parasols all different colors. They were the prettiest things in the world."

The black federal soldiers and the townspeople, many of them ex-Confederates, lived in a certain mutual contempt. After a drunken sheepman blew out an unarmed trooper's brains in a saloon one night in 1881, the black soldiers came raging across the river into town and posted a notice: "If we do not receive justice and fair play, which we must have, some one will suffer—if not the guilty, the innocent. It has gone far enough. Justice or death." It was a moment of brave anger in the 19th century, but it passed; the white sheepman was acquitted so quickly the jurors scarcely had to leave their chairs.

So San Angelo (population about 75,000) has had to wait some years to forget a certain distaste for its fort and even its origins. But like most Texans, San Angeloans have an almost tactile relationship with the past—their own history at least. West Texans have not vanished into the anonymity of cities. When Joe Mertz and Willard Johnson, two of the biggest ranchers in San Angelo, get together for a great barbecue or a more elegant dinner at, say, the River Club, someone will probably tell an outsider how Johnson's grandfather spoke so eloquently about West Texas that he persuaded Mertz's grandfather not to get back on the stage he was taking to California.

Nature in West Texas runs to extremes; it demands attention. The land and the weather are dominant presences. No other people in the world are capable of gazing so lovingly upon floodwaters. In the inundations of the past few weeks, after the long drought and heat wave, West Texans stood on bridges over the rivers, over the arroyos and washes, raptly watching the gushing brown waters. So what if a pickup truck or stray livestock went pinwheeling away on the flood? The wilting cotton in fields to the east—some of it, at least—would revive and make it to market after all. The sparse grama and buffalo grass that sheep and cattle had been browsing, almost a blade at a time, would, by West Texas standards, flourish. No wonder that Tom Randall, San

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American Scene

Angelo's Cadillac dealer, tripled his sales in the days after the rain.

With austerely magnificent distances and titanic clouds, the High Plains sweep majestically westward. Yet down where the boot treads the topsoil of the range life can be scruffy; nature is not pastoral. Red ants sting like wasps. A menacing rattle detonates in the brush. Vultures perch prehistorically in the tall mesquite. Across the landscape, black pumps, somehow prehistoric too, with slow, rocking rotations ladle up the wealth and the sweetly mephitic odor of oil.

The recession has barely touched San Angelo. Agribusiness, oil exploration, light industries (Lévi-Strauss, Ethicon, Mitsubishi), all flourish. The town has a few problems: some crime, a small black slum, a Mexican-American *barrio* and a poor-white district. Some old Anglo prejudice, the ghost of a snarl, persists in subtle and unspoken ways, though never as sharp as it is down near the border. Lettie Smith, 91, the daughter of a buffalo soldier, remarks with almost aggressive matter-of-factness: "There is no better place to live in Texas." The rich seem to avoid ostentation as both unmanly and unnecessary. San Angelo is 66 miles from the nearest Interstate. The world seems farther away than it does in Houston or Dallas (regions that West Texans disdain as effete or, at any rate, almost as culturally alien to San Angelo as New York, where the ranchers take their wives sometimes in early December to stay at the St. Regis and shop for Christmas).

Anglo ranchers and cowboys and businessmen live a truculent but somehow wistful individualism. Their code is still stiffened by Old West virtues, though they disconsolately sense a twilight coming on. They take the Federal Government's subsidies (drought disaster loans, for instance) because everyone else does, and one has to compete. But where Mexican Americans see the Federal Government as protector, the Anglos tend to think Washington is on the side of the coyotes that kill their sheep and the ubiquitous mesquite that sends down alarming deep roots and drinks the earth dry. Sometimes they feel the rest of the country is ungrateful for all the oil and wool and cotton and beef. They worry about confiscatory inheritance taxes that are breaking up the range into ever smaller pieces. "There will be nothing left but a bunch of little bitty ranchettes for fools from North Carolina," one rancher says sadly.

Before the twilight, the ranchettes and the Government descend, San Angelo aims to rehabilitate Fort Concho, its neglected relic across the Sante Fe tracks, and thus retake at least that portion of the town's complicated past. Across the river on Concho Avenue, where the soldiers used to go, someone else with a more profane sense of history has just gaudily restored a whorehouse, red velvet curtains and all.

By Lance Morrow

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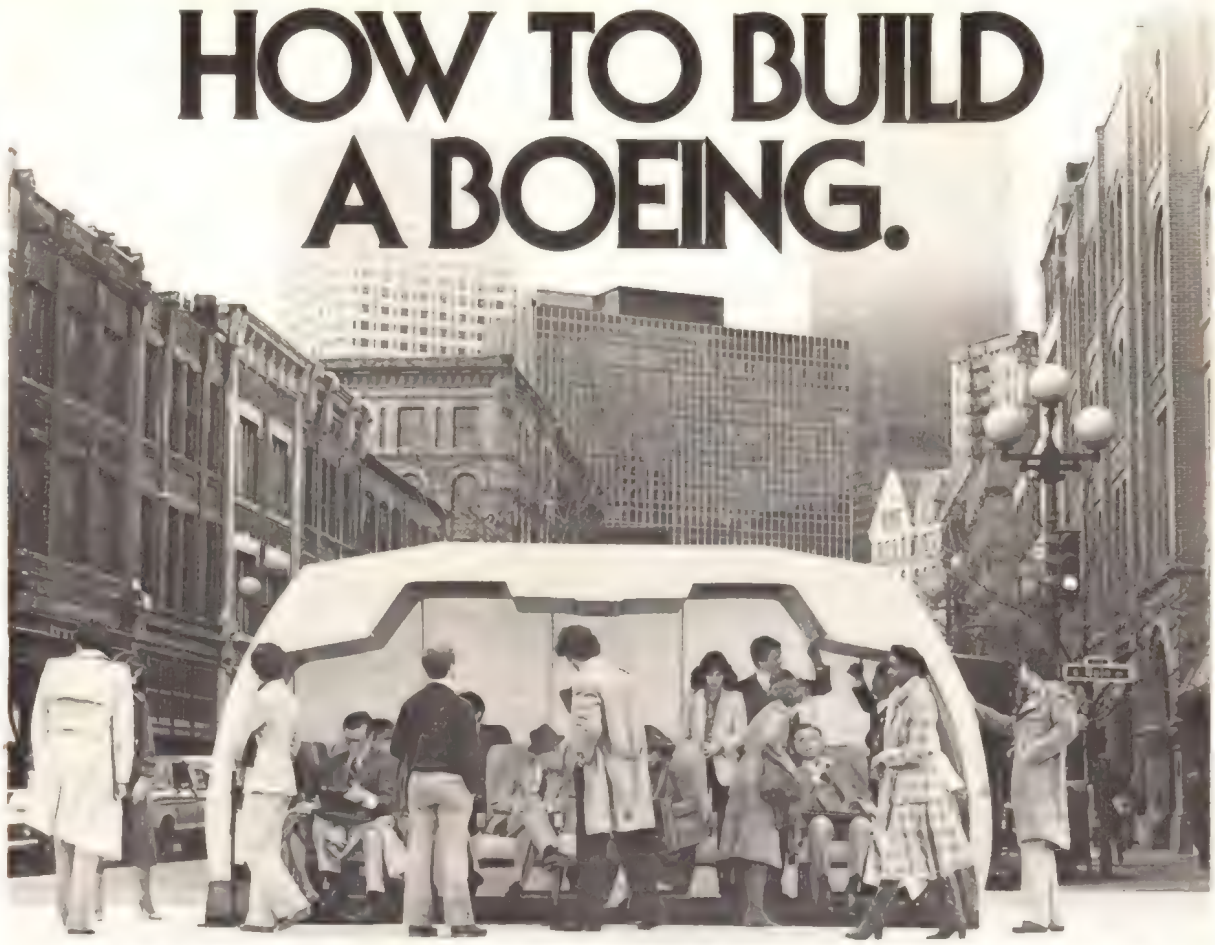

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TIME OCTOBER 20, 1980

A Vow to Zip His Lip

After his tactics boomerang, Carter promises to stop blitzing Reagan

"Why, if you are the right man for the job, have you and your staff lowered yourselves to slinging mud and making slanderous statements about your rival?"

That blunt question from a Nashville high school student to the President of the U.S. last week aptly summed up the conundrum of Jimmy Carter's floundering campaign. From the outset, the President and his advisers had meant to make Ronald Reagan the man the issue in the race. Instead, with only three weeks to go, it was Carter who was the issue, and he had only himself to blame. Time and again, Carter's strident personal attacks had crossed the line of propriety for a presidential campaign. When he did it again last week, charging that Reagan's election would split the nation along racial, religious and sectional lines, there was no need for the Republicans to cry foul: the chorus of condemnation from all sides was deafening.

New York *Times* Columnist James Reston called Carter's campaign "vicious and personal," and added that "even if he wins, it will be difficult for him to regain the support he needs to govern." Said an editorial in the Washington *Post*: "Jimmy Carter is campaigning like a politician gone haywire . . . Where is *the President?*" Commented the Boston *Globe*: "The President seems bent on discarding his last ace, his reputation as a decent and compassionate man."

What makes Carter campaign in so self-defeating a fashion? Only he knows for sure, but the outbursts undoubtedly reflect his frustration at running behind a challenger whom he cannot get to come out and fight on his terms. In the past it was always Carter who was the challenger, and there are those who are beginning to wonder if he knows how to run as an incumbent, especially one with a record that is complicated to defend. Then too there is no doubt that, wise or not, Carter's attacks are heartfelt, that he fervently believes Reagan would be a disaster for the country, that the Governor's lack of understanding of domestic and world problems, and his extremist past statements, do indeed raise the specter of war and domestic divisions. Says a close presidential aide: "He is so frustrated that no one else is saying these things that he feels he has to shout all the louder."

CARTER'S CHARGE

"The actions that you take [in this election] will . . . literally decide the lives of millions of people in our country and indeed throughout the world . . . You'll determine whether or not this America will be unified or, if I lose the election, whether Americans might be separated, black from white, Jew from Christian, North from South, rural from urban, whether this nation will be guided from a sense of long-range commitment to peace, whether our adversaries will be tempted to end the peace for which we all pray."

REAGAN'S REPLY

"I think he had some harsh words for the country, not necessarily for me, and I just have to say on this I can't be angry. I'm saddened that anyone—particularly someone who has held that position—could intimate such a thing and I'm not asking for an apology from him. I think he owes the country an apology. I think he's a badly misinformed and prejudiced man. Certainly he's reaching a point of hysteria that is hard to understand."

The louder Carter has shouted, the more his staff has worried about his assaults on Reagan boomeranging. At an urgent strategy session in the Watergate apartment of Campaign Chairman Robert Strauss, five top aides agreed that Carter must tone down his rhetoric. How to persuade him was the problem. Charlie Kirbo, the President's confidant from Atlanta, was deputized to put the matter to Carter as forcefully as possible.

But before Kirbo or any of the others had a chance to sit down with him, Carter was off and campaigning early Monday. At a backyard gathering in suburban Chicago, he lost no time in lambasting Reagan, saying that being "jingoistic in spirit" was "an excellent way to lead this country to war." It was that evening that he hit full voice and charged that Reagan would splinter the nation.

Even Carter, upon his return to Washington, knew that he had gone too far this time. Many of his own campaign staff were becoming dispirited. One White House staffer admitted that he could hardly bear facing the morning headlines. Said he: "It's awful over here. Just awful." Carter met with Kirbo, and later with top aides in the White House, and it was quickly agreed and announced to the press that Carter was changing tactics and would soften his attacks. Said Press Secretary Jody Powell: "We'll try to campaign in such a way that does not allow anyone to focus on the rhetoric rather than on the substance, or on how something is said rather than what is said."

But something more direct from the President seemed required. ABC's Barbara Walters had been pressing for an interview with him since the convention. Monday night, after Carter's Chicago blast, Powell called her in California. Said he: "The President wants to talk about the tone of the campaign."

The interview with Walters was held late Wednesday afternoon in the Oval Office and quickly edited for the evening's news. Carter was studiously contrite: "The tone of the campaign has departed from the way it ought to be between two candidates for the highest office in this land . . . I'll try to make sure that [it] is better in the future."

Even if Carter succeeds in reining himself in during the rest of the campaign, serious damage has already been done. Reagan has long since learned how deftly to return the President's bombs to the sender. After Carter's Chicago attack, Reagan looked at the television cameras in a Pennsylvania hotel hallway, shook his head as if he had been let down by his best friend, and confessed to being "saddened that anyone—particularly someone who has held that position—could intimate such a thing."

The first voters to sample the new Carter were the folks down home. Carter made a two-day tour of the South—time

he would rather have invested elsewhere —to try to solidify his besieged base. With the exception of Virginia, the region was for Carter four years ago, giving him 40% of his electoral vote. But a poll by Atlanta's Darden Research Corp. last week of eight states in the heart of Dixie, excluding Virginia, shows Carter and Reagan running even. Says Pollster Claibourne Darden: "If Carter does not do better quickly, he's through." Concerned with the economy, national image and moral issues, many Southern whites have long been attracted to Reagan. Blacks, while still overwhelmingly pro-Carter, show signs of disaffection that could lead to a low turnout. Admits one senior Carter aide: "Southerners are not going to vote for Jimmy Carter in 1980 just because he is a Southerner."

As he hopped across Tennessee, Carter carefully but forcefully attacked Reagan's positions without hitting Reagan personally, and he noticeably recast his earlier statements to give them a more positive thrust: "I want to see the nation united, North and South united, black and white united, rural and urban united."

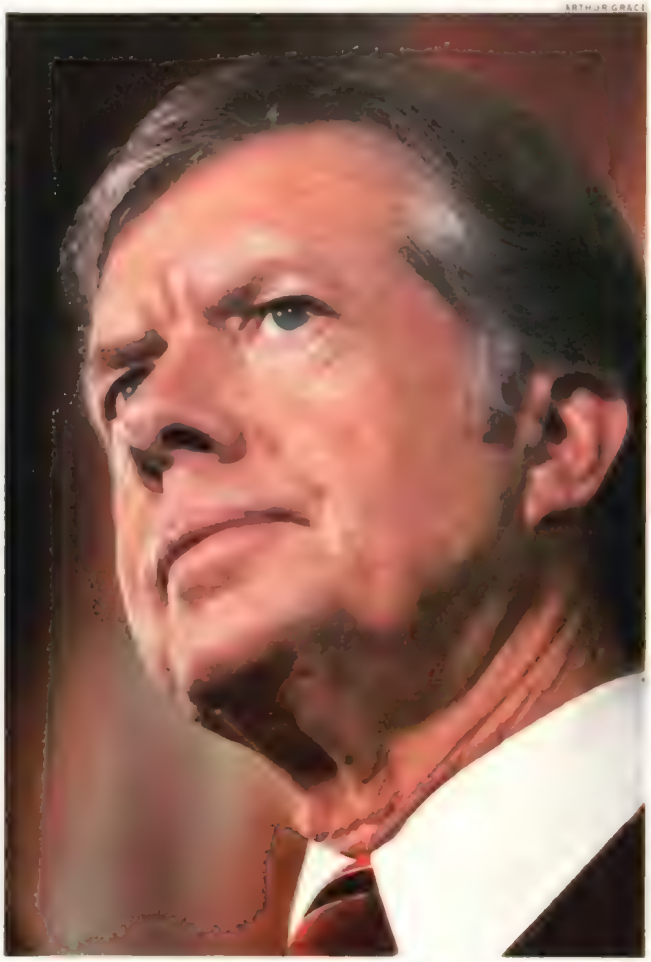
It was before a crowd of 4,000 at a town meeting in the cavernous new Grand Ole Opry House in Nashville that Student David Mangum asked his question about why the President had been "slinging mud." The audience applauded. Carter sucked in his breath. "Good question," he said. Then he went on to explain his resentment against the press for covering campaign techniques "and who was going to debate whom," and not focusing on Reagan's SALT II stance or questioning the Governor about his saying that an arms race was a card that could be played against the Soviet Union. "I felt motivated to speak out, and maybe I got overly enthusiastic about it," Carter said. He would keep criticizing Reagan, but "I'll try to do it in such a way that'll make you proud of me." Responded Mangum: "Thank you. I want to be."

Carter's difficulty in restraining himself was evident on Friday, when a local television interviewer in St. Petersburg, Fla., asked about Reagan's charges that the President was considering taxing Social Security benefits and tapping private pension funds to help revitalize ailing industries. Snapped Carter: "Completely false ... It's difficult to respond to ridiculous things like this." He vented his frustration by attacking Reagan: "A lot of his advisers are afraid of what he would say in a free and open exchange of ideas ... [his calls] for injecting American military forces into place after place around the world, when diplomatic means ought to solve these problems, indicates to me that he would not be a good President." But this time he was able to raise these legitimate points without insinuating that Reagan's election would lead to war.

While Carter had been hurting himself by popping off, Reagan had managed to avoid making any consequential verbal gaffes as he courted blue-collar and ethnic voters in the Midwest and made raids into the South. Last week he picked up the endorsement of the Teamsters Union, which has often backed Republican candidates, and the National Maritime Union, which has never done so.

But then Reagan got in two silly bits of trouble himself. First, he issued a written statement criticizing the Environmental Protection Agency for being overly stringent that concluded: "Air pollution has been substantially controlled." Asked by a reporter to explain how he could possibly believe that the air was clearing up, he said, "I don't think I've said anything of the kind." It was pointed out that the statement had been released the day before under his name. Responded Reagan: "Isn't it substantially under control? I think it is." Reporters were left to wonder not only what his position was on enforcement of the Clean Air Act, but also whether he had really read his own statement on the subject. Ironically, when he flew back to Los Angeles at week's end, his plane had to be diverted because of one of the worst smog attacks in that city's history.

In Steubenville, Ohio, Reagan said, "I have flown twice over Mount St. Helens. I'm not a scientist and I don't know the figures, but I have a suspicion that one little mountain out there, in these last several months, has probably released more sulfur dioxide into the atmosphere than has been released in the last ten years of automobile driving or things of that kind." In rebuttal, Environmental Protection Agency officials said automobiles are not even regulated for sulfur dioxide, because they emit very little of it; utilities, which are regulated, have spewed out 200 million tons of the gas over the past decade, compared with 400,000 tons from the volcano.



ARTHUR GRACE

The President in Chicago as he attacked his challenger

"I felt motivated to speak out, and maybe I got overly enthusiastic."

This week each campaign will try new strategies to get their messages across more forcefully to a restless and often disaffected public. On Sunday, Carter started a series of 20-minute radio speeches, the first focusing on the economy, and the G.O.P. challenger initiated a series of nationally televised *Reagan Reports*, five-minute discussions to be aired three times a week. In addition, Reagan and Vice Presidential Candidate George Bush are scheduling seven or eight live broadcasts of question-and-answer sessions, plus, perhaps, one of Reagan talking about issues.

One of the surest signs of how poorly the campaign has been fought was the cynical conclusion of Carter's top aides that the public is so sour about both candidates that it would automatically turn against whoever seized the lead. That theory may be compounded of wishful thinking and of a desire to rationalize the President's poor ratings, but nonetheless his advisers are urging him to lie low until the final two weeks and then throw everything into the battle. That prospect will surely be the severest test of his new determination to stick to the high road. —*By Walter Isaacson.*

Reported by Christopher Ogden with Carter and Douglas Brew with Reagan

Meet the Real Ronald Reagan

Shaped by his roots, he views the world with his own special optimism

CAMPAIGN 80

TIME Senior Correspondent Laurence I. Barrett, who began reporting on national politics during the 1964 Barry Goldwater campaign, started covering Ronald Reagan in January, and has been able to study him at close hand as he wages his fight for the White House. Here, as the campaign begins its final phase, is Barrett's assessment of the Republican candidate for President:

The Boeing 727 jet called *Leadership 80* is rattling through a cobblestoned stretch of sky, descending toward its third landing of the day. In the first cabin a stewardess is picking up crockery and leftovers; a reporter steals some conversation with a campaign official; Aides Mike Deaver and Stu Spencer gab about the next stop.

PAINTING FOR TIME BY DANIEL SCHWARTZ

In the midst of this confusion, Ronald Reagan seems to be sealed in a private bubble. The man who once disliked flight so much that advisers had to badger him into the air prior to the 1966 California gubernatorial campaign is now totally at home in a plane and absorbed in preparing his message. He has forgotten to remove the linen napkin tucked between the buttons of his white shirt (he always wears white shirts, usually adorned with a wide, solid-color tie; the color of the little RR monogram stitched under the left breast varies). His glasses—rarely seen in public, where he tends to use contact lenses—are partway down his nose, and his lips are pursed as he silently sounds out phrases from the speech before him. Something does not ring right to his acute ear. He pauses, changes a few words with a fine-tipped felt pen, mouths the passage again, goes on to the next half-sheet of paper.

Finally he is done. Concentration had congealed his face into a map of worry lines and wrinkles proclaiming his 69 years, but now as he looks up and displays that broad, lopsided, life-is-wonderful smile, ten years disappear as if by magic. Soon he will be on the ground disseminating the message, and he knows he does it well. For more than half a century, since his first try at high school theater, he has been delivering lines onstage, over radio, in movies, on television, through newspaper columns, in speeches at formal banquets and chats in factory lunchrooms—in fact, by just about every medium available except skywriting and smoke signals. "Nature was trying to tell me something," he wrote in his autobiography, *Where's the Rest of Me?* "Namely, my heart is a hamloaf."

But despite all this, the talks and the speeches and the barnstorming across the nation, the real Ronald Reagan remains elusive. The question is not just where does the actor leave off and the man begin, but how could a figure who started politics so late come so far so fast that he now must be favored to win the race for the White House.

Reagan's associates never tire of telling reporters that his opponents make the same mistake over and over again: they underestimate him. When they do, it is not surprising, because he comes from outside their experience. Presidential candidates normally spend decades in politics, or at least in some form of public service, before winning the nomination. Reagan is different: from modest beginnings, mostly by the force of his personality, he rose rapidly in two highly competitive fields, radio and movies, and turned to politics only after his show business career ebbed. More than that of any other major politician on the national scene, Reagan's present has been shaped by his private past: he bases his attitudes toward public policy on successes and disappointments experienced long before he began campaigning for public office, which he did not do until he was 55, a year younger than Jimmy Carter is now.

One thing that must always be remembered about Ronald Reagan is his reverence for his roots, his childhood in Dixon, Ill. For all the family's financial problems, his older brother Neil, now 71 and retired after a long career as a Hollywood advertising executive, says of their boyhoods: "You could draw a pretty close parallel with Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer. We never had a worry in the world that I can remember." True, the family moved five times in 14 years by Neil's reckoning. Before Ronald left for college, the Reagans never lived in a house they owned. And yes, the father, Jack, drank a lot and gambled as well, switched jobs often (he was a shoe salesman, mostly) and was sometimes short when the rent was due. But the mother, Nelle, a strong woman of enduring good cheer, managed to keep it all together, teaching her sons that "God will provide."

His progress from those beginnings to success on the screen and in politics has made Reagan a sunny optimist. He has great confidence in the individual's ability to make his way in the world, if only the individual is worthy and will put forth an effort, because he did it. And he has a misty nostalgia for the way things were before the Government got big and intrusive, a generalized longing for a simpler world where there were no forms to be filled out in triplicate.

A line he uses often pops out when a group of wholesome-looking youngsters is close at hand. He will pause during a speech, glance at the high school band and say, "They're what this election is all about. I'd like them to know the freedom we knew when we were their age."

To a euphoric audience at Louisiana State University in mid-September, he recalled that in those days one did not need a

driver's license: you drove when Dad thought you were up to it. In an interview two weeks ago, he reminisced about a summer job helping to remodel houses at age 14: "At the end of the week, all the contractor had to do was reach in his pocket and take out the cash to pay me. No auditors, no bookkeeping, no withholding of funds."

Reagan hastens to add that he is not proposing to do away with drivers' licenses, Social Security or withholding taxes. He acknowledges that his rosy evocations of the past are selective, that blacks, for instance, were not exactly free (in fact, the Klan was active in Dixon during his youth). He even maintains, "I don't want to go back to the so-called simple life. It wasn't simple at all." But he says that only after he has been backed into the corner that is reality. On the stump, the message is unadorned. As he told a rally in Paterson, N.J., "My idea of the way to start [as President] is to take Government off the backs of the people and make you free again!"

Reagan's whole general move to the right, like his evocation of good-old-days nostalgia, is closely bound to his personal experiences. He started out, in his own words, as "a bleeding-heart liberal." In fact his father was in the Democratic minority in the Republican small towns where the Reagans lived, and both the father and Neil held jobs administering federal welfare programs at the local level during the Depression. Reagan acknowledges that he was not very concerned about Communism until he returned from the Army after World War II to resume his movie career and became head of the Screen Actors Guild. It was a time of choosing up sides in Hollywood, of violent labor disputes and the bitter controversy about blacklisting. Reagan recalled it recently in one of those rambling monologues that sometimes seem to reveal more than he realizes. It produced a rarity in his usual discourse: a flash of real emotion in the form of raw anger.

He had returned from the military, as he now tells the story, "unaware that certain labor unions had been infiltrated by the American Communist Party. I was unbelieving until they made their big effort in a jurisdictional strike to gain control of the picture business. Then I discovered at first hand the cynicism, the brutality, the complete lack of moral-

The acute ear will detect a phrase that does not sound just right

"My heart is a hamloaf," he says, and the roar of the crowds has always been important to him—but so are the sounds of solitude

Once fearful of flying, now conducting an office above the clouds

ity of their positions and the cold-bloodedness of their attempt, at any cost, to gain control of that industry."

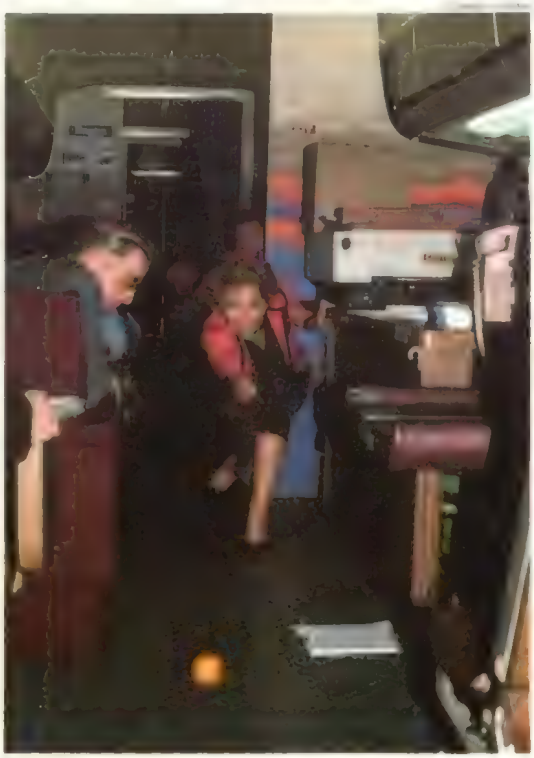
For seven months Reagan tried to serve as a mediator, but eventually he led actors across picket lines to help break the strike. Tension ran so high that for a while Reagan carried a revolver; he thought that Communists were out to wreck his career and might even threaten his life. He is incensed now that some writers are taking a revisionist view of the period. Says Reagan, his mouth a thin line and his face more grim than he ever lets it get in public: "The rewriting of history that is going on about that era is the biggest fairy tale since *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. The idea that a little band of freethinkers was being persecuted by the motion picture industry! They had a pretty good control already. They could destroy careers, and did." Reagan firmly believes that the unrest in Hollywood was directed by Moscow, and acknowledges that his experience helped shape his views of Communism. "We have been unrealistic in our approach to the Soviets all these years," he often says on the campaign trail. "They have one course and one course only. They are dedicated to the belief that they are going to take over the world."

The Hollywood and war years also seem to be the source of Reagan's deep belief that the Federal Government, with its complex tax structure, nitpicking regulation and highhanded bureaucracy, is the root of much of what is wrong in American life. Reagan explains this aspect of his ideological roots with a personal anecdote. While serving as an Army base adjutant in California, he noticed that the civilian employees sent in by Washington were far less efficient than the military personnel. They had a much higher ratio of administrators to workers. Trivial, perhaps, but Reagan has brought up that experience in two conversations, nine months apart, to explain the beginnings of his belief that the federal bureaucracy is overblown.

Other factors were at work. When he got out of the Army, Reagan was dunned by the Internal Revenue Service for back taxes on his prewar movie salary; and though he never became a top star, by the late 1940s he was making enough money to find himself in the 91% income tax bracket. He did not like it a bit. While he voted reluctantly for Harry Truman in 1948, he was incensed by the Truman Administration's policy toward the movie industry, in particular an antitrust suit that forced the major studios to give up their ownership of theater chains. Says Reagan now: "I saw the whole economic stability of the industry just simply eliminated, the end of the contract system whereby they had been able to take young people—directors, actors, whatever—and develop them." It was the contract system that had given Reagan his start.

While the industry was under siege, Reagan's own acting career was faltering. In 1954 he landed a job as host of the *General Electric Theater* on TV and traveling lecturer at GE plants. Inveighing against Government interference in the movie industry, he began collecting evidence of federal intervention in other industries, reading conservative literature and finding examples of the damage done by Washington. His GE tours put him in touch with more traditional, more conservative businessmen outside the film industry, and he was impressed. The point of this personal history is that Reagan's political principles, while sincerely held, derive from his gut reactions to specific events rather than any intellectual process. By 1964, when Reagan burst on the political scene with an impassioned TV appeal for funds for the presidential campaign of Barry Goldwater, his rejection of all things liberal and Democratic had become so intense as to make even Goldwater edgy. The Arizona Senator was at first reluctant to let Reagan speak in his behalf. Only after Neil Reagan, whose ad agency had landed the Goldwater account, read Ronald's proposed text over the phone did Barry give Ronald the go-ahead.

As his own campaign progresses, Reagan seems to be undergoing another conversion. His rhetoric has become more muted, his tone less bellicose. On domestic affairs he has changed his mind about the federal bailout of Chrysler and loan guarantees for New York City (he is now for both) and disavows any thought of asking for repeal of the federal Occupational Safety and Health Act. Such moderation of views, aides insist, is consistent with his record as Governor of California from 1967 to 1974. In Sacramento he once went along with a tax change after proclaiming himself embedded "in concrete" against it. He sometimes brings that up voluntarily these days, and says, "Well, my feet aren't in concrete" on this or that issue.



If Nancy is not there to bowl an orange, he plays for yuks

The turnabouts do indicate that Reagan possesses some flexibility, but they have to be put in perspective. The switches in specific positions have been relatively few and have not involved any issues of national consequence, or any that are really still open for discussion. Who, at this stage, would reverse the Chrysler bailout or the New York City loan program? Asked about his basic attitudes last week, Reagan said, "Well, I'm still where I was over the past 20 years."

Industrialist Justin Dart, one of the most conservative members of Reagan's California coterie, seems dead right when he says, "No politician on the face of the earth can function without some compromises. But Ronald Reagan makes fewer than the others. The only compromises he will make as President are those that are forced on him." And Stuart Spencer, a top strategist on Reagan's staff, also seems correct when he says, "I see less change in him than in any political figure I have ever known. He has a set of values, and everything stems from those values."

If one checked a list of the 13 or 15 most important and most emotional issues that are susceptible to left-right delineation, Reagan would not have changed on a single one since 1976. The list would include the Panama Canal, abortion, gun control, SALT II, prayer in public schools, dealing with southern Africa, gay rights.

Reagan's world view is nothing if not clear cut. Because the Soviet tiger will not change its stripes, it must be caged, or at least tamed, by American might. He thinks that little has changed since the most frigid days of the cold war except that the U.S. has surrendered the strategic superiority and thereby tempted Moscow into adventurism.

Harry Truman, he thinks, was wrong to stage the Berlin

airlift. The U.S. should have sent its trucks overland and called the Soviets' bluff; Moscow would have backed down and might have been better behaved thereafter. Douglas MacArthur was correct about Korea. Had the general's view prevailed, Reagan speculates, "I don't think there would ever have been a Viet Nam." And Solzhenitsyn is correct today in his dark vision of what will happen tomorrow if the West fails to pull itself together.

Occasionally Reagan's extemporaneous musings on the subject run to the absurd. While campaigning in New Hampshire last winter, he suggested that the expulsion of Western journalists from Iran might be connected to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan and might also have been a prelude to a Soviet army move into Iran. But his considered rhetoric tracks more logically. In a pair of long, painstakingly prepared speeches to veterans' organizations two months ago, which he defined as "whatever it takes to be strong enough that no other nation will dare violate the peace. That is what we mean by superiority—nothing more, nothing less."

Reagan has not talked about other phases of foreign policy in great detail during the campaign, but his general ideas come through plainly enough. He thinks little of the way Jimmy Carter's human rights policy has been applied. He feels that approach has been feckless and hypocritical because it undermined loyal allies like the late Shah of Iran. Preventing "additional Cubas" in Central America must take priority over moral preachments.

What Reagan calls "our alignment with Israel" must be continued. Concerning the Middle East, Reagan takes what might be termed the obligatory candidate's position: strong support for the Jewish state, sandwiched between generalities about enhancing peace in the region and improving relations with all parties. His stated ideas about NATO also run to unexceptionable generalities.

One of the few fresh ideas he has offered is small bore: creation of a "North American accord" to enhance relations among Mexico, Canada and the U.S. The suggestion implies some kind of European Community approach, but Reagan has not developed it. In fact, Reagan's thinking and staff work have been much more concentrated on domestic economic affairs. That is where the votes are next month.

As Reagan swept to the nomination, he welcomed the support of Republican moderates, but they came to him, not he to them. In one conversation, he discussed party unity this way: "I think the division of the Republican Party grew from pragmatism on the part of some, the Republicans who said, 'Look what the Democrats are doing and they're staying in power. The only way for us, if we want to have any impact at all, is somehow to copy them.' This was where the split began to grow, because there were other people saying, 'Wait a minute. There is a great danger in following this path toward Government intervention.'" He made very clear his conviction that unity has been restored because the "pragmatists" have now conceded to the conservatives, and equally clear that he was not using the word pragmatist as a compliment.

On the other hand, he wants to win, and ambition has sandpapered the edge of some of his most obvious political splinters. He is courting blue-collar votes, but he has not changed his mind on any of the important labor legislation pending before Congress. He is making a token attempt to win black support. In public, if someone raises the question, he will say that opposition to the landmark civil rights legislation of the mid-1960s has faded, and of course as President he will enforce those laws. But in private he will still say that the Voting Rights Act of 1965 was too selective and unfair to the Southern states. In short, Reagan is still a Reaganite, though a more mature and polished Reaganite than in the past.

His new patina, however, has neither obscured nor answered the most troubling question about Reagan. Put starkly, that question is whether he is smart enough to be President. The U.S. has seldom demanded that its chief executive officers be intellectuals, of course. But clear-eyed realism, sensitive and discriminating judgment, a feel for power relationships, instinct born of at least a general knowledge of how the System works are all demanded in a President.

EVANS—SYGMA

With Running Mate Bush: the party came to him, not he to it

Using these criteria, the evidence about Reagan is at best mixed. He has clearly shown a capacity to grow and meet new challenges. One expert adviser says that Reagan's instincts are sound and his mind open to argument, but adds candidly that Reagan has difficulty seeing the connections between related problems and goals. An aide who is much closer to Reagan personally says, "He isn't dumb, but sometimes he has a lazy brain. He reads something, and it goes into the reservoir he has up there without checking. It comes out when he turns the spigot on."

After this tendency to spout believe-it-or-not "facts" had got him into repeated trouble, Reagan brought it mostly under control; he still tears many clippings out of newspapers, but nowadays he passes them on to his staff for checking before using the information in speeches. Last week's Mount St. Helens gaffe was an exception. But he still clings to favored notions, sometimes beyond the point of reason.

An example of how Reagan's mind works is his view on welfare. As he says, the system is a mess—costly, self-perpetuating and so far immune to reform. Reagan blames the bureaucrats. Welfare recipients, he says, have become prisoners of their caseworkers' need for a clientele. His solution is to get Washington out of the system by turning over all responsibility for administration to states and localities, along with sufficient taxing power to finance the case load. But welfare already is administered by states and communities; that nasty caseworker is typically a county or municipal employee. How would giving the locals total power over money and regulations change anything?

When that question was put to him in June, Reagan replied, "I still think the greatest fault lies in Washington, because they're the ones who make the regulations and the regulations make it impossible to check up on people." The truth is the other way around: Washington for years has been pressing the states and localities to eliminate ineligibles. Reagan just cannot see that, because one of his abiding convictions is that Washington is the fount of most of what is wrong with the country. Remove the federal involvement, he thinks, and matters are bound to get better. In this area his conviction seems to have reached the point of compulsion.

A couple of Reagan's more candid assistants acknowledge that some of the candidate's miscues are caused by an almost naive desire to prove that some conviction he holds dear is correct. The other day he visited the Santa Marta Hospital in a chicano area of East Los Angeles and told the institution's staff that he had asked a nun there whether the hospital gets "compensation from Medicaid or anything like that." She had answered no, he reported, and then told the group, "I appreciate your pride in that." But a puzzled senior administrator later informed reporters that, in fact, 95% of the patients were subsidized by Medicaid or Medicare.

Whether Reagan misinterpreted what the nun said or she answered his question incorrectly does not really matter. The point is that a man running for the White House should have known that no hospital providing what amounts to charity service for most of its patients can exist today without Government help. Reagan was misled by his eagerness to discover a little island of independence from the feds.

Reagan is well aware of the doubts about his brainpower, and occasionally jokes about the subject. He told one audience, "I'm not smart enough to lie," and quipped to construction workers in New York City the other day that a proffered hard hat would not fit because "I have a pinhead." But the humor is forced; cracks about his intelligence obviously hurt.

"You can't help be a little irritated by that," he admits. "You say to yourself: 'How intelligent are the people who are writing this? Do they lack the intelligence to take a look at a state that is the size of California that was run successfully for eight years —a multibillion-dollar business?' I was intelligent enough to surround myself as Governor with the kind of expertise and the kind of people who could make these things happen." He has a point. His administration of California was competent, and he did not let ideological principles prevent him from doing what had to be done.

WM. FRANKLIN MCMAHON

Reverence for the past: a time with no drivers' licenses or pesky forms in triplicate

As Governor, Reagan also developed an unusual management style that he is likely to revive if he reaches the White House. He relied very heavily on a small group composed of his immediate staff and the heads of major state agencies for information and advice; they in turn recruited large task forces of experts to study specific problems. Reagan set general directions and made the major decisions, but left policy coordination and execution to the aides. He usually left his office about 5:30 p.m., often poking his head into a conference room on the way out to call to his staff, "Hey, you guys, get out! Go home to your wives!"

Reagan's chairman-of-the-board style has some advantages: for example, it leaves him free to concentrate on major policy issues, while avoiding the details that can suffocate an executive who fails to delegate. It also has a huge disadvantage: it leaves him dangerously vulnerable to poor work by aides, whom he rarely criticizes. Says a former California assistant: "Ronald Reagan has never even disciplined a maid."

Two incidents from the campaign illustrate how the staff system works, and sometimes fails to work, in practice. The first is the zigzag evolution of his economic program. During the primaries, Reagan vigorously advocated cutting personal income tax rates 30% over three years, on the appealing argument that the reductions would, rather quickly, generate so much extra revenue through stimulating the economy that the risk of inflation-building deficits would be minimal. In retrospect, it now seems clear that Reagan did not really understand the implications of this position, and he came under heavy attack from opponents because he could not supply figures to justify his stand.

During the spring, however, Martin Anderson, a shrewd economist in Reagan's inner circle, began putting together an impressive array of experts to draft a more credible program. They could not talk Reagan into stretching out the tax cuts, but they did succeed in changing the whole rationale for them. Now it is admitted that the rate reductions themselves will not necessarily stimulate enough new revenues to offset the loss. Instead, a strict curb on new spending, plus the natural growth of the economy, would provide enough margin to permit the tax measure. Reagan accepted this substantial alteration without much complaint. However he got there, and however little he understood the trip, he arrived at a position that, while still highly debatable, certainly makes more sense than his simplistic pre-convention stand (*see* ECONOMY & BUSINESS).

The second incident revolved around the firing of Campaign Manager John Sears and his aides Charles Black and James Lake. In each of his presidential bids, Reagan relied heavily on one adviser. Sears was the man in 1976, and Reagan chose him again last year, despite the objections of his more conservative friends and despite the fact that he did not much like Sears personally. Reagan was acting on the advice of his personal staff, particularly Mike Deaver, who deeply respected Sears' ability. So totally did Reagan rely on Sears last winter that he permitted him to eliminate two of the candidate's most loyal retainers, Lyn Nofziger and, of all people, Deaver. Not until his unexpected defeat in the Iowa caucuses in January did Reagan really rebel. He was also annoyed by the way the press was playing up Sears as a kind of Svengali, and the candidate as Trilby.

Five weeks of anguish followed, during which Reagan worked behind the scenes to reorganize his conflict-ridden staff. Sears ended up trying to fire Ed Meese, his last important rival in the entourage. Finally fed up, Reagan discharged Sears and purged the whole top echelon of his campaign staff on New Hampshire primary day in February.

Though that was a bold move, the long imbroglio and its aftermath raise some serious doubts about Reagan's ability to handle subordinates. After Sears left, Reagan for months was responsible for an untidy and ineffective operation.

The staff now seems better organized; it has been strengthened by the rehiring of Deaver and, more recently, Stuart Spencer, which illustrates another side of Reagan. Spencer had helped elect and re-elect Reagan as Governor, but in 1976 he joined Gerald Ford. During that year's California primary, Spencer coined the slogan, "Governor Reagan couldn't start a war, but President Reagan could." Nonetheless, at convention time this year Reagan welcomed Spencer back as

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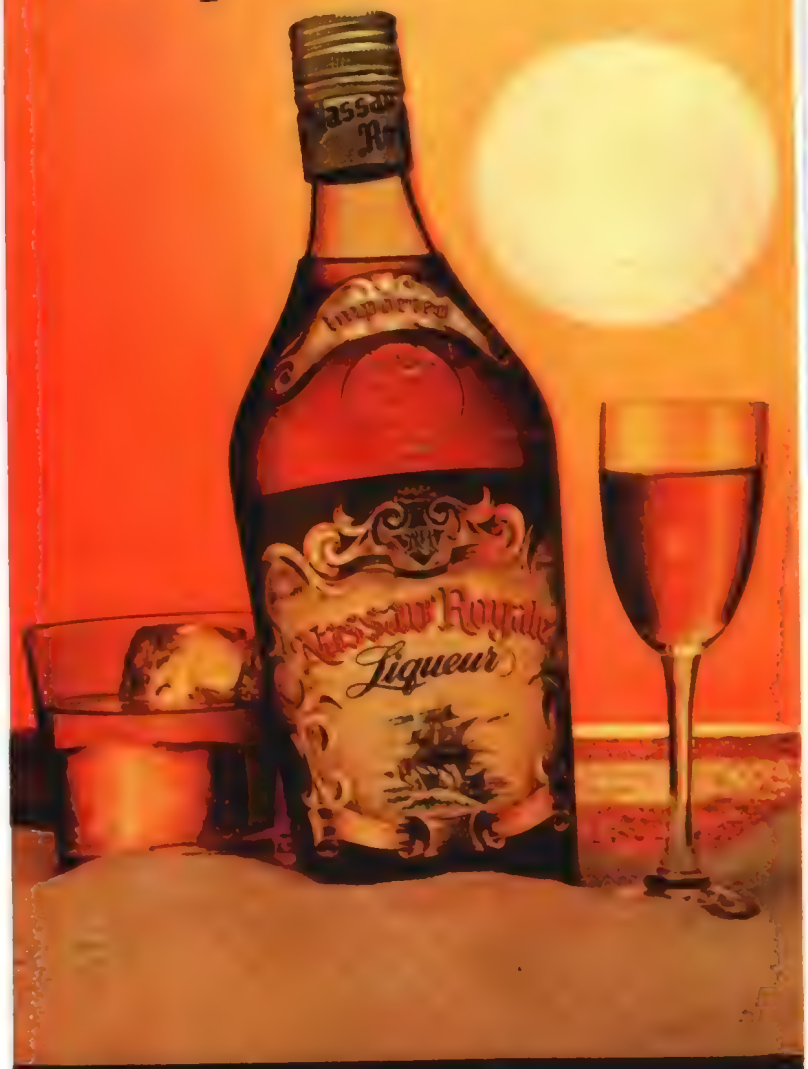

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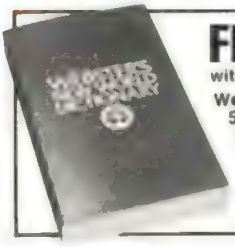

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a part-time consultant, and by the second week of September, Spencer was serving full time on the campaign plane. Usually he sits just a yard from Nancy Reagan, who curdled at the warmonger talk four years ago and who is known to hold a grudge. To her husband, winning is more important than any grudge, which he seldom feels anyway.

Indeed, for a former actor, Reagan shows a narrow range of emotion of any sort. He rarely displays genuine delight or anger, a reserve that has served him well during the campaign. He has replied to Jimmy Carter's attacks with a kind of puzzled hurt that has been far more effective than rage. Reagan's substitute for strong emotion seems to be humor, both memorized and spontaneous. He is a walking repertory theater of show-biz anecdotes, one-liners, elaborate routines (interestingly, he almost never tells a political anecdote). On the campaign plane, Nancy Reagan has made a ritual of rising a few moments after takeoff to roll an orange toward the emergency exit at the rear, which she usually manages to hit. When she is not along, Reagan takes over the routine and converts it into an act. Sometimes he is a bowler, sometimes a football player, frequently a pitcher squinting toward an imaginary catcher, shaking off sign after sign, going into a full windup before finally releasing the orange, which almost never hits the exit.

For all his geniality, Reagan seems very much a loner. The company of politicians, Nevada Senator Paul Laxalt and one or two others excepted, does not interest him. In fact, he has few intimates in any walk of life. He is not particularly close to his children. Only Nancy seems to receive much real warmth from him.

Nancy and his love of horses, Old West bric-a-brac, cowboy shirts and boots, anything Western. Riding is more than a hobby, far more important to Reagan than, say, golf is to Gerald Ford or running to Jimmy Carter. It answers a need that Reagan finds difficult to put into words. Says he: "I always had the biggest yen in the world to ride. I don't really know where I got it."

EVANS SYGMA

"It casts a spell on you," he says of his ranch. "Seclusion is the thing"

At Rancho del Cielo, his 688-acre spread in the Santa Ynez Mountains, north of Santa Barbara, Reagan is a man transformed, serene, under no compulsion to entertain. He shows off the fences that he and the hired man, Lee Clearwater, put up together. He displays his black thoroughbred, Little Man, a handsome brute that knows its master. From about 30 yds. away the horse responds to Reagan's call, trotting up for a pat on the nose and a piece of carrot.

Wandering around the hilly acreage, oblivious to the dry heat and flies, Reagan tries to explain what the place means to him: "It casts a spell on you when you're here for a while. Seclusion is the thing. Here there is real privacy." The roar of the crowd, theatrical or political, has been important to Reagan since adolescence, but equally important are the sounds of solitude.

If Reagan is elected, what would his Administration be like? Reagan could be counted on to live up to his rhetoric in areas where a President has a high degree of control, such as appointments to the judiciary and the top echelons of the State and Defense departments. He would attempt, to the extent that Congress would permit, to make good on his promises about beefing up the military, focusing initially on personnel.

If Congress remains Democratic and goes for big-spending programs, Reagan would use vetoes the way he did in California. He cast nearly 1,000 during his eight years as Governor, and only a handful were overridden. He would make a pass at dismantling the Department of Education and the Department of Energy. Reagan would use commerce and industry as a talent pool far more than Carter has. The regulating agencies would take on more of a pro-business cast.

Reagan's aides talk about attempting to restore the Cabinet's prestige and decrease the clout of the White House staff. Most incoming regimes give lip service to that idea; Reagan would be more likely to follow through. To fill Cabinet posts, he would seek men widely recognized as experienced, competent and stable. Speculation centers on such Washington veterans as George Shultz, Caspar Weinberger and Charls Walker, all onetime Nixon Administration policymakers. Two Democratic Senators, Henry Jackson of Washington and Sam Nunn of Georgia, are mentioned often. In the Reaganites' view, either would provide good performance and good public relations.

A Reagan Administration would likely focus its energy on a relatively small number of high-priority items. Reagan would move quickly to submit a tax program and a revised 1981 budget containing some spending cuts. Another early goal: some attention-getting elimination of Government regulations that affect business. A tyro in foreign affairs, Reagan probably would move more slowly in that sphere. But because he is a suspect stranger in capitals abroad, he would be likely to make some early gestures of reassurance to U.S. allies. One crucial difference between Reagan and most previous Presidents taking office for the first time is that, because of his age, Reagan would start out widely regarded as a one-term Chief Executive. That might have a liberating effect on his behavior and decision-making.

Whatever its specific policies, the general thrust of a Reagan Administration would be clear. The point arose during a discussion of his intellectual abilities. Asked if he thought that criticism of his mind was based on snobbery, he instantly answered yes. Then he elaborated: "I think there is an elite in this country and they are the very ones who run an elitist Government. They want a Government by a handful of people because they don't believe that the people themselves can run their lives. And this, I believe, is what the political contest has been all about in recent years. Are we going to have an elitist Government that makes the decisions for people's lives, or are we going to believe, as we had for so many decades, that the people can make these decisions themselves?"

That is distilled Reaganism, pure and very, very simple. Down with the feds, up with "the people," which in practice means state authorities and the movers of industry and commerce. Reagan believes this message in every cell of his 6-ft. 1-in., 185-lb. body. If he starts sleeping in the Lincoln bedroom next January, the U.S. will see the biggest change in tone and direction from Washington since F.D.R.'s wheelchair rolled into the Oval Office nearly 50 years ago. ■

Keeping It in the Family

Reagan is careful to share his trust with only a select few

Although he has few intimate friends, Ronald Reagan does have an inner group of longtime political associates to whom he offers the ultimate accolade: "They are family." What they have in common is loyalty to the candidate and a lack of intrusive personal ambition. Collectively they offer Reagan something he prizes highly: a sense of security and serenity. Four who are all in the family:

Ed Meese. Soft-spoken and self-effacing, Edwin Meese III, 48, is the man who influences Reagan the most on policy and administrative decisions. He does so primarily by organizing the advice of others and presenting it to the candidate in condensed form. There is a tidiness about Meese's mind that is appreciated by Reagan, who cringes at disorder and tension on his staff. In the past, Meese has clarified matters when Reagan misspoke, but never in a manner implying that he knew more about the topic than his boss. Indeed, he probably did not. Meese is a synthesizer and organizer who has no intellectual pretensions.

Typically, Meese belittles his influence on Reagan. "The thing I contribute is straight information, even when it is bad news, because I have no ax to grind," he explains. When he does take issue with Reagan, it is often in private, and only when he is convinced that his argument can help Reagan avoid political injury. A careful observer of the moods of his boss, he knew Reagan was restive under all the advice to select George Bush as his running mate. Meese maintained his silence, then finally urged Reagan to keep his options open. Reagan did just that and ended up with the embarrassing eleventh-hour dalliance with Gerald Ford at the convention.

That kind of well-meant advice illustrates a weakness common to several members of Reagan's "family." Not only do they lack national and international experience, they have been so close to Reagan for so long that they have trouble stepping back to assess him critically. Meese is no meek yes-man. But as Reagan's loyal chief of staff in Sacramento, he grew comfortable with the Governor by stilling rather than stirring up waves. His status with Reagan is secure. Reagan was once asked, given just one telephone call, whom he would dial in a crisis. His instant response: "Ed Meese."

Mike Deaver. Second to Meese as a policy adviser, Michael Deaver, 42, is closer personally to both Rawhide and Rainbow—the Secret Service code names for Ronald and Nancy Reagan. Witty, genial and well liked by his colleagues and reporters, Deaver is keenly sensitive to the likes and dislikes of both Reagans. He knows, almost instinctively, what types of campaign events make Reagan feel at ease. In the coterie of pleasant people around Reagan, Deaver may be the most charming.

Still, there is a well-concealed tough side to Deaver. As Governor, Reagan used Deaver, then his assistant chief of staff, to quietly but firmly tell errant department heads that they must shape up. He managed to spread the right amount of fear without creating an enemy for his boss.

Deaver is also appreciated by Reagan because of his well-demonstrated loyalty. When the crafty John Sears, for example, maneuvered Reagan last November into making a choice between getting rid of either Deaver or himself on the campaign staff, Deaver spared the candidate that painful choice by resigning. Later, when Sears in turn was fired, Deaver returned without reproaching Reagan for letting him go.

For a while, Deaver was financially dependent upon Reagan. After the Governor left office, Deaver and another of Reagan's associates set up a public relations firm that prospered largely because for several years its main client was Ronald Reagan. The firm helped ghost-write his newspaper and radio commentaries and booked his speaking engagements.

Like Meese, Deaver is no deep thinker, but he is a levelheaded staff man with a reputation as an effective problem solver

"We have a lot of values in common," says Deaver of Reagan. "He knows, like my wife knows, that I have nothing else in mind. I want him to succeed."

Paul Laxalt. Of all Reagan's advisers, Nevada Senator Paul Laxalt, 58, feels most free to tell the candidate precisely what he thinks. That may be because the two view each other as compatible equals. Both were elected Governor in neighboring states at the same time. Both are proud of their Western backgrounds. Reagan likes the way Laxalt strides through Washington in his cowboy boots. They get along so well, notes a Laxalt aide, because they "share a belief in the great, growing, ebullient American West. They squint when they look into the distance." Ever since they consulted as Governors on mutual problems of their states, they have been good friends as well as political allies. Says Laxalt about Reagan: "I consider him almost to be a big brother. Our relationship transcends politics. I have the luxury of being totally candid with him."

Meese: the Cool Synthesizer

Deaver: the Loyal Counselor

Laxalt: the Candid Cowboy

Tuttle: the Money Man

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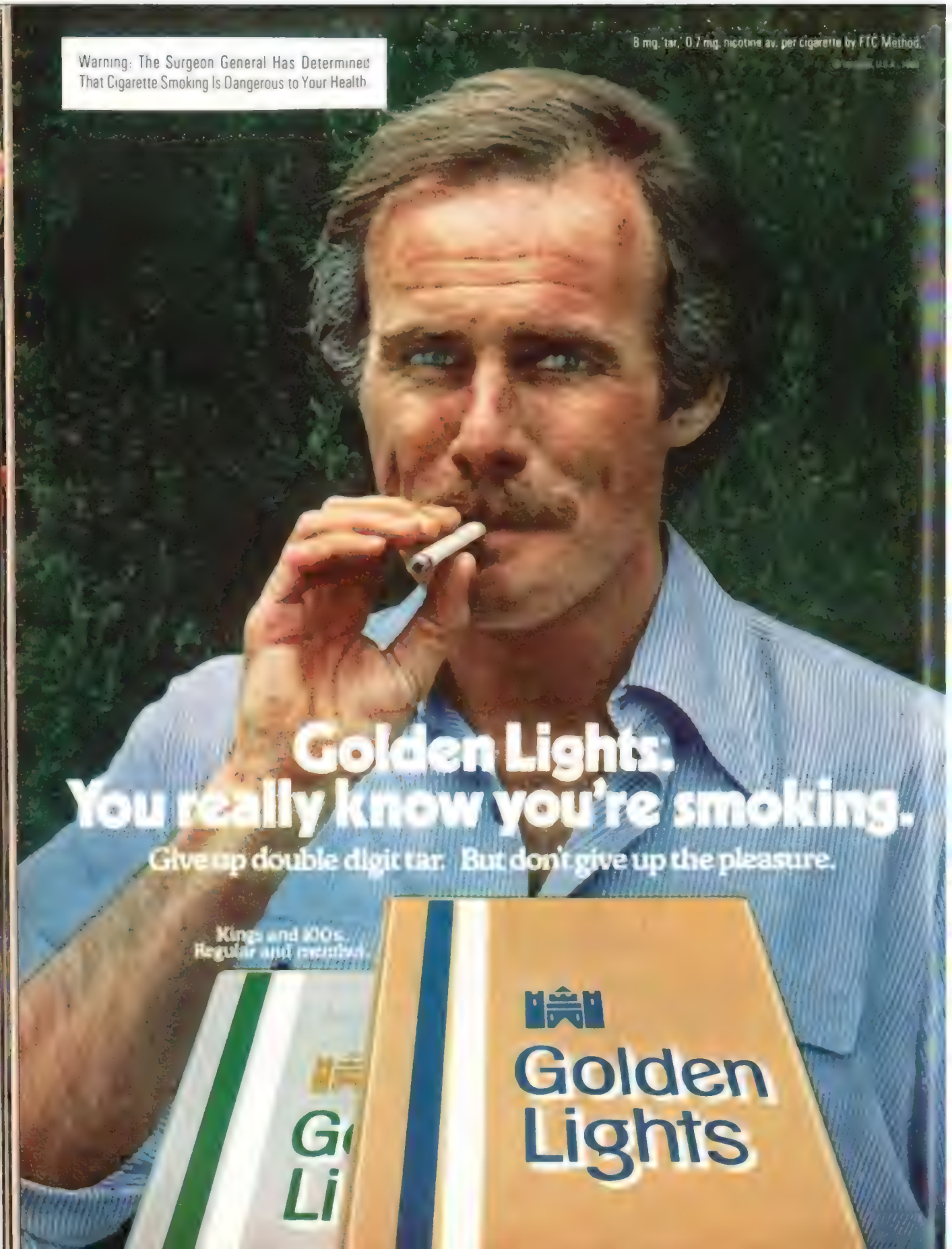
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When Reagan suffered an unexpected beating in the Iowa primary caucuses, partly because he refused to debate there, Laxalt warned him bluntly: "Campaign or we're heading for disaster." Reagan dropped his protective politicking, entered the debate ring in New Hampshire, and his campaign took off. A relaxed personality, Laxalt is a popular figure in Washington, where many other conservatives tend to stand stiffly aloof from the press and their less ideologically rigid colleagues. The Senator has warned Reagan that he should not carry his anti-Government pitch so far as to antagonize the entire Congress. "If you don't have close relations with Congress," he said, "you have to be an ineffective President. Look at Carter." Assured of reelection himself, Laxalt would be in a unique position to help Reagan as both a confidant and an intelligent analyst of the Senate's mood.

Holmes Tuttle. The most difficult relationship among the Reagan aides to analyze is that between Holmes Tuttle, 75, and the candidate. He is the kind of self-made millionaire whom Reagan admires, a former Oklahoma hillbilly who moved to California and made it big selling autos, in banking and in oil investments. He first met Reagan when he sold the actor a Ford coupe in 1946. Moreover, he was present at the creation, belonging to the group of wealthy California conservatives who in 1965 encouraged Reagan to run for Governor.

Though Tuttle has no official position in Reagan's entourage, there is no doubt that he can tell the candidate what he thinks and get a respectful hearing. He was one of the advisers who felt strongly that Sears should be dumped as campaign manager and that Bush should be Reagan's choice as the vice-presidential candidate. One former Reagan staffer appraises Tuttle's influence this way: "He is at the top."

Through the years Tuttle has donated some $250,000 of his own money to various Reagan campaigns and causes and helped to raise another $5 million by spearheading fund drives. A crusader for conservatism, Tuttle had spotted Reagan's ability to move an audience early, and enlisted him in the fight. If Reagan were to fail, Tuttle presumably would start looking for someone else to carry the banner and back him with bucks.

Tuttle is now one of Reagan's top talent scouts, helping guide the transition to a possible Reagan Administration. Says Tuttle: "All I want to do is help Ron Reagan, help surround him with the finest people in the country." In his characteristically frank manner, Tuttle notes that a President Reagan might need his help. While denying any interest in an official Washington position, Tuttle declares: "Ron Reagan knows that Holmes Tuttle will be there to advise and to respond and to help avoid a disaster." —*By Ed Magnuson*

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Majesty, Poetry and Power

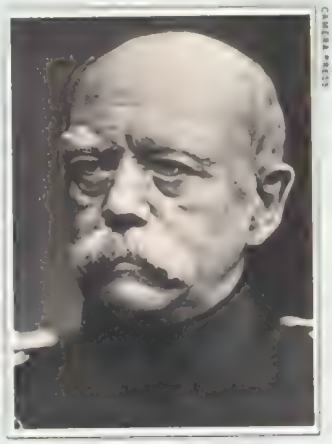
The best a statesman can do is to listen to the rustle of God's mantle through history and try to catch the hem of it for a few steps.
—Bismarck

When he was a student in the dusty stacks of world affairs, Henry Kissinger discovered Germany's Iron Chancellor, Otto von Bismarck, who used power ruthlessly and successfully for peace, yet despite his immense ego, sensed his own insignificance.

Kissinger has pondered Bismarck's observation during his own journey through the corridors of world power. Not surprisingly, he has formed some ideas about leadership, ones that could help measure the men running for President.

"The task of a leader is to get his people from where they are to where they have not been," says Kissinger. "The public does not fully understand the world into which it is going. Leaders must invoke an alchemy of great vision. Those leaders who do not are ultimately judged failures, even though they may be popular at the moment."

The requirements of office foreshorten the opportunities for learning, argues Kissinger. "Presidents learn how to get on the nightly news to influence people and how to make decisions. But it is a myth that the presidency ennobles a person, that he can learn something mystical once he is in office. He cannot learn the substance on the job. If a President arrives an empty person, he leaves as one."


Bismarck as Chancellor (1888)

Worthwhile leaders, believes Kissinger, may quail before the Deity in their prayers, but on the job they never flinch. "To assume on your shoulders the responsibility for the people is an act of arrogance in itself," declares Kissinger. "Most action must be taken when a leader cannot see his way clearly to the end. What is needed is a curious combination of egomania and humility. If he is too much impressed with the size of the challenge, he does nothing. If he is too little impressed, he gets into trouble."

Much must rest on a "sense of history," says Kissinger, citing Harry Truman. When asked what he considered his greatest accomplishment, Truman told Kissinger: "Totally defeating our enemies in World War II, then reintroducing them into the family of man." Truman realized the necessity of imposing total defeat. "So many leaders think they can take away the curse of hard decisions by doing things hesitantly or by half measures," says Kissinger. "There is no reward for losing because of moderation.

"The most important quality of a leader is courage. He must act in risky situations on the confidence in his own judgment. He has a responsibility to society not to overstrain its fabric, but he must push it to the limits. He must define that margin where he can influence events. If he exceeds the margin he may bog down. If he goes below the margin he may become irrelevant. If he allows it, the public will project its own insecurities on a leader. Politics is the management of people. It is important to understand the psychology as well as the symptoms of problems."

The search by some modern leaders for the quick fix has often magnified the problems, insists Kissinger. "The effective use of governmental power today is an accumulation of nuances. It is a hundred things done a little better; failure is a hundred things done a little worse. Power is not one big breakthrough."

Leaders must believe in power, he says. They must have a sense of majesty, possess dignity, a touch of poetry and at the same time a tolerance for what is imperfect. "Too often these days we have developed self-hatred because we have had to act imperfectly.

"Leadership is not something you do just as a job," says Kissinger. There must be a clear call, a special spirit that binds men to their times. "We are losing the relationship between men and events," he says. "We must find those who can bridge the gap between experience and vision."

A Rowdy Campaign of Personalities

Idaho voters are faced with a bitter, invective-filled Senate race —one of the nastiest political contests of the year. But in two other states, candidates for the House are mostly staying away from personalities: in North Carolina's Piedmont region, an old-school Southern gentleman is fighting genteelly to retain his seat, while in central Indiana, a moderate-conservative Democrat and a conservative Republican are debating issues and ideology.

No. 1 on the G.O.P. Hit List

Of all the embattled liberal Democrats this election year, none has come under more heavy and sustained fire than Idaho Senator Frank Church. No. 1 on the Republican hit list, he has had to fend off attacks not only from his feisty opponent, four-term Republican Congressman Steven Symms, but also from combative conservatives who have formed an organization called ABC—Anyone but Church. Amid Idaho's piny woods and parched plains, where voters peer skeptically out from under their cowboy hats and pop questions like gunshots, the candidates are waging one of the rowdiest, most name-calling campaigns in the nation.

The race is all the more contentious because it is ideological. While many candidates elsewhere are diving for the middle, where they think the votes are, Church, 56, and Symms, 42, stand sharply apart on the spectrum. In a traditionally conservative state, which is likely to go heavily for Reagan, Church's record is vulnerable. Says Symms' campaign manager Philip Reberger: "Church on the issues is the issue." Symms keeps pounding away at the incumbent's support of the Panama Canal treaties, SALT II and deficit spending for social programs. He attacks Church's chairmanship of the committee that investigated the CIA and in the process, many believe, seriously damaged the agency. Symms often recalls Church's flattering remarks about President Fidel Castro after visiting Cuba in 1977: "I leave with the impression I've found a friend."

Church stoutly defends his past stands

The energetic Republican challenger, who is the strongest opponent Church has ever faced, boasts a 100% rating among conservative groups for his voting record. He also has the appealing grace to appear to take himself less seriously than the issues. Outfitted in a brown suede jacket and cowboy boots, the stocky, cherubic-looking fruitgrower hands out his wife's apple recipes to voters who respond warmly to his hearty greeting. The apple, in fact, is his campaign symbol. In past years, he would take a bite and ask: "Wouldn't you like to take a bite out of government?" His TV ads portray him as a down-home boy driving a tractor, while a voice-over sings: "I was born to be an Idahoan at heart."

Symms is helped and occasionally hindered by the right-wing groups that are determined to defeat one of the public figures they hate the most. Since ABC was organized nearly two years ago, it has kept Church on the defensive with a ceaseless barrage of charges. "I don't know what else they can say about me," says the bewildered Senator. Under the guidance of the Virginia-based National Conservative Political Action Committee, ABC has poured more than $200,000 into its attack on Church. The organization can raise and spend an unlimited amount because it is legally considered an independent committee. Says ABC Chairman Don Todd: "We are critical in softening Church's support. We've made the race what it is today." Adds N.C.P.A.C. Chairman Terry Dolan: "We're not people who crave respectability. We care about winning elections. If we have to step on a few toes, we'll do it."

Once well known as a boy orator, Church still casts a spell in a land where the spoken word is revered. He has struck back at his tormentors by labeling them "scummy and fraudulent" and comparing their technique to Hitler's "Big Lie." The right-wing radicals, Church trumpets, are trying to take over the "entire American political process." He does not go out of his way to bring up national or international issues or boast of his chairmanship of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. But he defends his past stands and reminds critics: "Once I was against the war in Viet Nam, and the people of this state were overwhelmingly for it. But I think time proved I was right." When he was asked why he gave the Panama Canal to the Communists, Church shot back: "We didn't give it to the Communists. We may have saved it from going Communist by making Panama a working partner. We made a friend instead of an enemy."

Symms boasts a 100% conservative rating

Mainly, Church portrays himself as Idahoan to the core. A campaign leaflet shows him in Western garb toting a shotgun, by a barbed-wire fence. Declares his campaign literature: "Church puts Idaho first." The Senator claims that he has responded to 110,000 pleas for assistance since he was first elected 24 years ago. He takes credit for reclamation projects, rangeland improvements, recreation areas and dairy-farm price supports. He has kept the votes of many conservative businessmen by cutting red tape in Washington for them. He defends his support of the wilderness bill, which would set aside 2.2 million acres in the state, by insisting: "Idaho is not for sale." Some of his supporters are slinging a little mud of their own. They are distributing bumper stickers in heavily Mormon eastern Idaho that read WINE, WOMEN AND SYMMS—a reference to a remark the Congressman is reported to have made after a 1977 trip to Libya: "There was no chance to drink or chase women."

The campaign is the most expensive in Idaho history. So far, Symms has raised an estimated $1.2 million, half of it from out-of-state conservatives. Church has accumulated $1.4 million, most of it from liberals heavily concentrated in New York. While Symms has whittled down Church's early commanding lead and a Republican poll gives him a slight edge, the race is too close to call. However narrow the winner's margin when the votes are counted, the result is sure to be hailed as a resounding victory for either liberalism or conservatism. ■

Drawings for TIME by David Levine

Two High-Tone Contests of Issues and Ideology

How Times Have Changed

He is the quintessential Southern gentleman: scion of a moneyed North Carolina family, graduate of Princeton University ('41) and Harvard Law School ('49), and recipient of a Bronze Star for bravery as a lieutenant aboard a destroyer at Okinawa during World War II. Now 61, Richardson Preyer entered Congress in 1969 and quickly earned a reputation on both sides of the aisle as a soft-spoken legislator of uncompromising integrity, high talent and moderate views. Democratic Congressman Morris Udall of Arizona described him as "one of the most decent and intelligent gentlemen in this or any other legislative body." Two years ago, Preyer spent only $18,274 to win reelection against token opposition.

But, as Preyer acknowledges, "these are not normal times." This year he is locked in a fierce battle with a hard-driving, conservative Republican: Eugene Johnston, 44, a graduate of Wake Forest Law School ('61) and self-made millionaire. Johnston is chief stockholder and president of Fisher-Harrison Corp., a graphics company in Greensboro with annual sales of $10 million, and of Johnston Properties Inc., a real estate firm with holdings worth more than $5 million. Says Johnston: "Richardson Preyer is a nice, honest man who votes his convictions. But he does not represent our interests at all."

Preyer supports increased military spending, but also increased aid to the elderly, farm price supports, and the development of alternative energy sources. When asked why, as a Presbyterian elder who has been married for 34 years and has five children, he does not make an issue of Johnston's three divorces, Preyer replies, "It would be mudslinging."

Johnston has focused his campaign on economic issues. At High Point's Civitan Club last week, he dramatically unrolled a 15-ft. chart showing the growth of the federal debt since 1941. Says Johnston: "Big Labor doesn't cause inflation. Big Business doesn't cause inflation. Big Oil doesn't cause inflation. Big Brother causes inflation." Johnston promises to reevaluate the windfall-profits tax on oil companies and to slash federal income taxes by 30%. Says he: "The issue this fall is not between Republicans and Democrats. It is between those who want to vote themselves a living and those who want to work for a living."

Faced with such rhetoric, Preyer has lately loosened the gloves. Calling Johnston a "member of the radical right," Preyer says, "He wants to repeal the 20th century. What I'm concerned about is the 21st." Johnston has quickly turned the phrase to his own advantage. Sure he is a radical, says Johnston, "the right radical." ■

Preyer worries about the 21st century

Try, Try Again

The oldest Crane brother, Philip, 49, won election to Congress from Illinois on his first try, in 1969. Brother Daniel, 44, who also lives in Illinois, won on his second try, in 1978. Now Brother David, 43, a psychiatrist from Martinsville, Ind., is trying to win—on his third try. David Crane, a conservative Republican like his brothers, lost in 1976 by 19,000 votes to Democratic Congressman David Evans, 34, a former social studies teacher, and by 5,800 votes to Evans in 1978. Says the incumbent: "I don't know why he is running again. Maybe his family regards him as an underachiever. Hasn't he got the message yet?"

This year's message seems aimed more at Evans, and it is not good. His district, which includes part of Indianapolis, is expected to vote heavily for Ronald Reagan, which could give Crane a powerful boost. To prevent that from happening, Evans is ringing doorbells as doggedly as a Fuller Brush salesman. Says he: "Knocking on doors, touching hands with people and listening to them is the only way I can win." The Indianapolis *Star* has described his congressional voting record as "almost indistinguishable from a moderately conservative Republican." He voted for the Republican-proposed 30% tax cut, deregulation of natural gas, and a $19 billion increase in defense spending in fiscal 1981. But he also voted against the B-1 bomber. Says Evans: "I'm an independent voice."

Evans calls himself an independent voice

The genial, curly-haired Crane's strategy is to turn the campaign into a crusade to restore the traditional, small-town American values. Says he: "The direction that the national Government has taken is far different from the America in which I was brought up. We have to make a strong commitment to the concept of limited Government and individual responsibility."

He attacks Evans for failing to vote to expel Michigan Democrat Charles Diggs from Congress last year, after Diggs was convicted of falsifying congressional payrolls, and then voting two weeks ago to expel Philadelphia Congressman Michael Myers, who was convicted of taking bribes in the FBI's Abscam investigation. Charges Crane: "Evans applied a double standard. Honesty in Government is perhaps the most important issue in this election."

Crane has enough money left in his $300,000 budget for a last-minute TV blitz. But Evans, who has a $225,000 budget, is running short of funds and has to rely on a makeshift approach to reach large numbers of voters. Taking a tip from the old Burma Shave advertisements, he is setting up a series of signs on a busy highway in the district. They read: I'M NOT A LAWYER/ OR A DOCTOR/ DON'T CHARGE HIGH FEES/ I'M HERE WHEN YOU NEED ME/ AND THERE WHEN IT COUNTS/ RE-ELECT DAVE EVANS. Starting this week, Evans will stand by the final sign, waving to motorists during rush hours. ■

Point Man Harold Brown

Has the Pentagon chief become too political?

Harold Brown enjoys a reputation for bringing a cool, scientific detachment to his job as Secretary of Defense. All the more surprising, then, that he has plunged into partisan politics this election year with the zest and hyperbole usually expected of more conventional politicians. In fact, Brown himself has become something of an issue. Indignant Republicans charge that he has painted far too rosy a picture of the state of U.S. defenses. Undeterred, Brown journeyed last week to politically important Texas (26 electoral votes) on an ostensibly nonpolitical mission to answer critics who claim that the U.S. military is woefully unprepared. Quite the contrary, insisted Brown. The U.S., he said, is "ready to go to war, if need be, and we are increasingly able to sustain our forces in combat."

Doubts about U.S. military readiness have been raised not only by Ronald Reagan and other outside critics of the Administration, but by several of Brown's top-level military subordinates. Before a House subcommittee last May, Army Chief of Staff Edward Meyer testified that he was seriously short of trained troops that could be quickly moved to Europe in case of war. Because of the lack of manpower, Meyer declared, the U.S. has a "hollow Army." In September, Air Force Chief of Staff Lew Allen Jr. told the Air Force Association that the U.S. has "serious deficiencies in its armed forces vis-à-vis those of an increasingly powerful Soviet adversary."

Earlier this month Admiral James Watkins, Vice Chief of Naval Operations, warned the Senate Armed Services Committee that the U.S. fleet is stretched intolerably thin. Said he: "Over the past two years, the number of ships reporting marginally combat ready and not combat ready has been increasing steadily." Because of the loss of trained manpower, said Watkins, "I consider it to be the most serious personnel readiness situation that I have seen in over 31 years in the Navy." The Joint Chiefs are particularly worried about the shortages now that Carter has declared it is U.S. policy to protect the Persian Gulf from Soviet meddling. There is a possibly perilous gap between intention and capability about which Brown was questioned during his first stop of the day, at the Army's Sergeants Major Academy at Fort Bliss in El Paso.

Addressing the Rotary Club and Chamber of Commerce in El Paso, Brown said in his familiar flat, slow-cadenced style that "allegations about U.S. weakness in the area of readiness are misleading." These flaws, he continued, are measured against "some ideal standard" that ignores the "shortcomings of our adversaries." According to U.S. ratings, the Secretary said, two-thirds of the Soviet army would be considered unready to fight. Still, Brown neglected to mention that even if that is the case, the Soviets have 57 combat-ready divisions, or three times the U.S. number.

Brown claimed that charges of unreadiness were exaggerated. One example he cited: five out of the seven U.S. aircraft carriers that are unavailable for combat are undergoing overhaul; the remaining two could be quickly returned to duty. Responding to the claim that fewer than half of the 2,100 U.S. tactical jet fighters are fully "mission capable," Brown maintained that the figure is misleading because combat readiness would be given top priority in wartime. Said the Secretary: "The vital question is not how various military units score in our status reporting or readiness rating system. The important question is: Are we able to go to war if necessary and to fight effectively? Let me assure you, the answer to that question is yes."

Brown in an Army jumpsuit at Fort Bliss

Positive thinking about combat readiness.

Brown ticked off some of the gains in military preparedness during his tenure: a tripling of spending next year, to $1 billion, for spare parts for the Air Force; the shipment of enough equipment to Europe to enable the U.S. to dispatch four divisions to the Continent within two weeks, in contrast with only one division in 1976; by the improved ability of the U.S. to move forces to the Persian Gulf by placing seven supply ships in the Indian Ocean and by negotiating the right to use ports and airfields in the region in an emergency. Brown properly gave credit to the Ford and Nixon Administrations for initiating many of these efforts. After the speech he told TIME: "We're better off than we were four years ago, but you can't say we're stronger *vs.* the Soviets than we were." That is certainly true, since the Soviet Union continues its military buildup at a faster rate than the U.S. Why, then, was the Carter Administration, soon after taking office, so willing to cut $4 billion from Ford's proposed Pentagon budget for fiscal 1978? Replied Brown: "What we were doing in 1977 was scrubbing what we had inherited. Probably we should have waited a while and taken a more careful look before we did it."

No sooner had the Defense Secretary taken issue with his critics on U.S. readiness than a Pentagon memo was leaked that seemed to confirm their worst fears. Major General James H. Johnson, vice director of plans and operations for the Joint Chiefs, instructed a subordinate to hold up a readiness report because Brown had "expressed concern that our current formats only emphasize the negative aspects." The Secretary, Johnson added, has asked for "greater emphasis on the positive factors." Though Brown had been grousing for weeks about the readiness rating system, he did not dictate the embarrassing memo. It was, said his spokesman, Thomas Ross, a "screw-up."

Acting as the Administration's political point man seems to be out of character for Arch-Technocrat Brown. The White House insists that it did not urge him to join the fray. Said a senior Carter adviser: "We didn't have to push him a bit. That doesn't mean that we're not delighted that he decided to jump in." Brown likes his job and wants to keep it; that means, of course, re-electing Carter. Brown also has his own record to defend. Declared the Secretary: "The President has said to me, 'Don't do anything that you think is incompatible with the nature of your office.' He has not told me to go out and defend my stewardship. But he didn't have to. My stewardship has been attacked, and I'm going to defend it."

But as Brown surely knows, there is a point beyond which a Secretary of Defense should not go, even in defending his own record. —*By Edwin Warner.*

Reported by Don Sider/Washington

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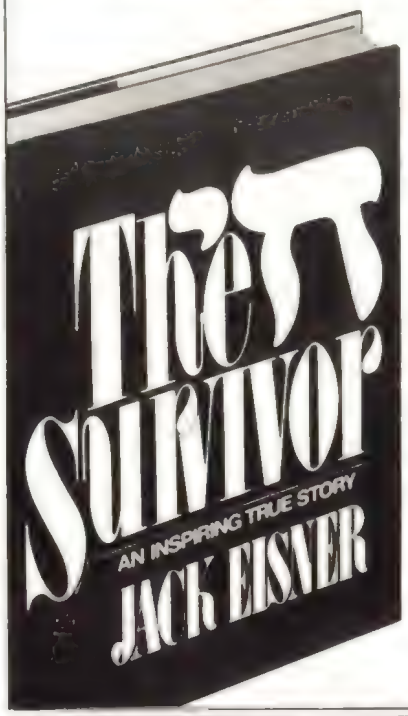

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Congressman and wife after trial

Two Down

Jenrette convicted in Abscam

"Guilty . . . guilty . . . guilty." The word rolled through a federal courtroom in Washington, D.C., 72 times last week as twelve jurors were asked for their verdicts on six charges against the defendants. Once again, as in the conviction in August of Democratic Congressman Michael ("Ozzie") Myers of Pennsylvania, the FBI video tapes from the Abscam investigation had proved persuasive. Shaken by the barrage, Defendant John W. Jenrette Jr., a three-term Democratic Congressman from South Carolina, lowered his head and sobbed. Still red-eyed later, Jenrette told reporters in a trembling voice, "I can look at my two beautiful children and my gorgeous wife and say, regardless of what those tapes say, that I didn't take any money."

But the jurors believed the tapes and not the Congressman, who was the second to be tried of six House members charged with bribery in the Abscam operation. "It was all pretty clear in everyone's mind," said Joseph D. McDonald, a member of the jury that took only 4½ hours after a five-week trial to convict Jenrette, 44, and a longtime friend, John R. Stowe, of bribery. Added McDonald: "One picture is worth a thousand words." The video and telephone tapes showed Stowe accepting $50,000 from an undercover FBI agent and Jenrette agreeing to back legislation that would enable a fictitious Arab sheik to settle permanently in the U.S. The prosecution charged that Stowe had picked up the money as a middleman to insulate the Congressman from the payoff.

The jurors were unmoved by Jenrette's testimony that he had been unfairly trapped. Said Juror Yvonne Bothnel: "We just did not see any place where he got his arm twisted." Nor were they swayed by the claim of the defendant that he is an alcoholic and had been too drunk when meeting with the undercover agents to know what he was doing. When sentenced, Jenrette could receive as much as 35 years in prison. ■

Pot Shots in California

Guard dogs, wired fields and a crop that blows the mind

By their rude patches in the remote valleys of California stand embattled small farmers defending pot that is known around the world for its high quality: *sinsemilla* (a Spanish-derived word meaning without seed), an unusually potent hybrid marijuana. Ever since Mexico began widespread spraying of its pot fields with the herbicide paraquat, cutting shipments to the U.S., *sinsemilla* has become one of California's fastest growing—and most profitable—crops. California's pot patches range from small gardens with a few plants to 2½-acre fields that may yield up to 4,000 *sinsemilla* plants, some with 4-in. trunks that stand 20 ft. tall. With 1 oz. of *sinsemilla* retailing for $250, and each stalk producing up to 32 oz. of pot, narcotics officials estimate the value of the California crop at a mind-blowing $1 billion—at least equal in value to the state's grape harvest.

Even though 647 patches were spotted in a single county last year, drug officials seized only 53,000 lbs., about 15% of the estimated total harvest. But there is an all-out effort to curb this year's harvest, which must be completed before November's rains. Officials estimate that there is a bumper crop, mostly in 27 northern counties. Says California Attorney General George Deukmejian: "We can't expect other countries to carry out drug-eradication programs if we don't make an intensive effort here." The state bureau of narcotics has increased its marijuana task force from two to seven agents and borrowed planes, helicopters and officers from the federal Drug Enforcement Agency.

Because the *sinsemilla* plants need a lot of sunshine, most large plots can be spotted from the air by experienced agents, who summon raiding parties armed with search warrants, flak jackets and chain saws. They cut down and truck the stalks to incinerators. The cultivators who are caught usually get off with probation, though the maximum penalty is a $5,000 fine and ten years in prison.

The potgrowers are fighting back. Some try to hide their *sinsemilla* stalks among tall sunflowers. One imaginative cultivator hung red Christmas-tree balls on his pot plants, trying to make them look like tomato plants from the air. The ruse did not work, because any cultivated ground in the middle of a forest attracts the suspicions of drug-enforcement officials. A few growers have even taken shots at the agents' low-flying planes, causing one casualty: a sheriff was wounded in the back while circling a marijuana patch in Riverside County, east of Los Angeles.

Some growers are booby-trapping their patches, and not just to keep out the police. The pot farmers must also fight off poachers, many of them local teen-agers. Fields have been found equipped with electrical alarm systems, guard dogs, shotgun traps and even *punji* sticks, the sharpened stakes used by the Viet Cong to pierce the feet of patrolling American and South Vietnamese soldiers. Mendocino County, located north of San Francisco, has had several assaults, shootings and even one killing related to pot thefts. Warns Sonoma County District Attorney Gene Tunney, son of the late heavyweight boxing champion: "If you go walking in the hills during harvest time, you're asking to have your head blown off." ■

Carting away confiscated marijuana in Mendocino County; inset: a grower's guard dog

"If you go walking in the hills, you're asking to have your head blown off."

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PERSIAN GULF

Choosing Up Sides

While Moscow and Washington stay neutral, Iraq and Iran gain allies

Overshadowing the war between Iraq and Iran since it began three weeks ago has been one great fear: that other nations would be inexorably drawn into this bloody conflict between two angry neighbors. That nightmare is slipping toward reality. Iran and Iraq last week continued to savage each other with bombing, missile and artillery strikes, and there were brutal battles for control of the Iranian port of Khorramshahr on the Shatt al Arab waterway (*see map*). Meanwhile, other states of the Middle East were ominously choosing up sides. Items:

JORDAN, with the presumed consent of its ally Saudi Arabia, openly endorsed the Iraqi cause with offers of military aid, including some forces from its well-trained, U.S.-equipped 60,000-man army. King Hussein, who met in Baghdad last week with Iraqi Strongman Saddam Hussein, also organized truck convoys to carry Soviet and East bloc military supplies from the Jordanian port of Aqaba; its harbor was crowded with freighters waiting to unload. Western diplomats speculated that the Saudis, Jordanians and Iraqis had formed a new conservative Arab alliance that was aimed at checking the Iranian brand of revolutionary Islam in the area.

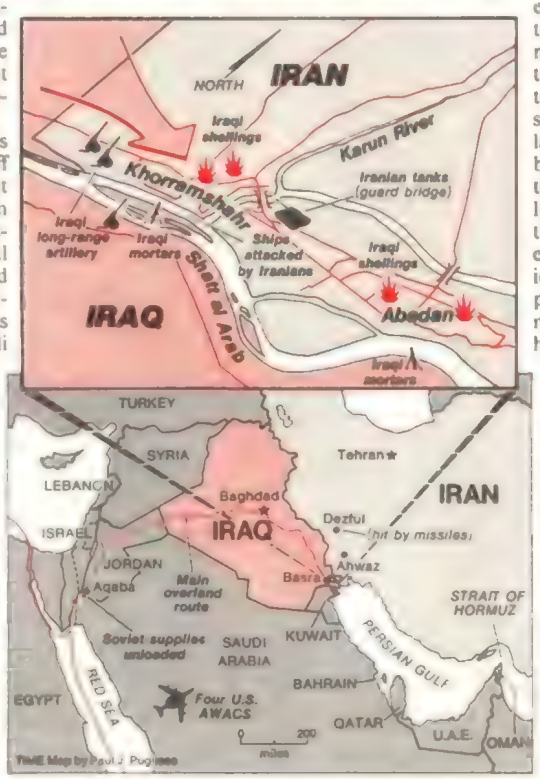
SYRIA has been at political odds with the Baghdad government off and on for several years. President Hafez Assad has accused Saddam Hussein of starting a conflict that distracts Arab energies from the real war, *i.e.*, against Israel. Worried about both his isolation and his vulnerability, Assad in recent months has accused Jordan, Iraq and Saudi Arabia of backing subversives who want to overthrow his regime. On a visit to Moscow last week, he signed a 20-year Treaty of Friendship and Cooperation with Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev similar to the one that Moscow has with Iraq. The Kremlin has long sought such a treaty with Syria as a way of gaining a new foothold, and perhaps a reliable ally, in the Middle East.

LIBYA, which in September formed a union with Syria that no one in the Middle East takes very seriously, last week became the first and so far only Arab state to give open support to the Iranians. In a stern message to Saudi Arabia's King Khalid and the rulers of smaller gulf states, Libya's Colonel Muammar Gaddafi declared, "Islamic duty dictates that we ally ourselves with the Muslims in Iran in this crusade [against] the West." From Israel came reports that Iranian air force cargo and refueling planes were flying jet fuel to Tehran from Libya to make up for shortages caused by the destruction of the Abadan refinery. Iraq broke off diplomatic relations with Syria last week, accusing Libya and North Korea of sending arms to Iran.

Saddam Hussein welcomes King Hussein

As for the war, it appeared that neither combatant had the capacity to knock out the other. But nobody was ready to give up either, even though Iraq last week reportedly asked both Turkey and India to mediate a truce, and Iran was considering taking its case against Iraq to an emergency meeting of the United Nations Security Council. The apparent reason for Tehran's hesitation: fear that other nations would bring up the embarrassing question of the U.S. hostages.

Despite the major advantages of surprise and superior numbers, the Iraqi forces had achieved no major victory in their invasion of Iran along a 500-mile front from the Iranian border town of Qasr-e-Shirin in the north to the port of Khorramshahr in the south. The Iraqi proposal for a "unilateral cease-fire" appeared to have been merely a smokescreen to cover the fact that its forces were making limited progress toward their objectives. Baghdad's battle plan apparently called for the seizure of key cities in Iran's oil-rich Khuzistan province, which has a large Arab minority. The cities would have been held for ransom against a settlement that would give Iraq control of the Shatt al Arab waterway, which it reluctantly agreed to share with the Shah of Iran in 1975. One of Baghdad's ultimate political goals is to overthrow the revolutionary government of Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini, who has urged Iraq's Shi'ite Muslims to oust Saddam Hussein.



The most bitter fighting last week centered on the ongoing battle for control of Khorramshahr, portions of which changed hands several times. Iraqi armor and infantry had previously failed in repeated attempts to dislodge Iranian urban guerrilla units, which had destroyed a large number of Bagh-

Iraqi troops advance on the Iranian port of Khorramshahr as smoke from burning oil storage tanks clouds the horizon

dad's tanks with Molotov cocktails. However, Iraqi commando units then succeeded in capturing most of the port area and in repelling a series of savage counterattacks by Iranian regulars and militiamen. Reported an Iranian journalist who witnessed one of the battles: "The carnage was unbelievable. The plains around the city were strewn with corpses." By Saturday the Iraqis claimed that their infantry had crossed the Karun River and thus established a new beachhead beyond Khorramshahr.

The Iraqi drive was aimed at three principal targets: the oil-refining center of Abadan, Khuzistan's capital of Ahwaz, and the important communications junction of Dezful, 150 miles north of Khorramshahr. Outraged Iranian officials announced in midweek that Iraq had fired four Soviet-supplied surface-to-surface missiles on Dezful and neighboring Andimeshk, causing heavy casualties. Iranian Prime Minister Mohammed Ali Raja'i, calling the Iraqi action "insane," said that most of the 170 people killed and 300 wounded were civilians. Each of the missiles has a range of about 55 miles—approximately the distance from the Iraqi border to Dezful—and weighs 4,400 lbs.

Both sides continued to pummel each other with air raids, although neither Iran nor Iraq, curiously, attacked each other's vulnerable oil wells. Iraqi warplanes bombed several factories on the edge of Tehran International Airport, a refinery at Tabriz and the oil-loading terminal at Kharg Island. Iran concentrated its bombing raids on the northern Iraqi cities of Kirkuk, Mosul and Baghdad. Tehran claimed it had shot down 57 Iraqi planes, destroyed scores of tanks and armored personnel carriers, as well as six missile boats, a merchant ship and 67 military bases and key industrial sites. Tehran also claimed that an entire Iraqi regiment of 600 men had surrendered after Iranian forces trapped them in a pincer movement on the northern front.

Iran was fighting a mobile, defensive war, in which regular army units were backed by volunteer groups armed with rifles, Molotov cocktails and grenades. These ad hoc "people's forces" were effective in slowing the Iraqi advance. A key element in the Iranian defense was the Islamic Revolutionary Guards, the civil militia, who made up in tenacity and fanaticism what they lacked in military discipline.

The danger to neutral vessels in the area was underscored by an ugly incident at Khorramshahr. Five ships that had been tied up in port left their berths when the fighting intensified for a safer anchorage in the middle of the Shatt al Arab. The ships were fired upon by the Iranians, and some crewmen who jumped into the river to escape the burning ships were shot at in the water. Both sides claimed the other was responsible.

Despite the offer of support from Libya, Iran was clearly worried about its diplomatic isolation. In a televised address to his people, President Abolhassan Banisadr complained, with mournful hyperbole, "This is the first time in history that a country is being attacked and is supported by no one in the world. It is total isolation and it should make us think. We have to realize that our words and our slogans satisfy no one but us."

The Iranians, though, were apparently resisting discreet Soviet blandishments. According to high Iranian officials, Moscow's lobbying began early in the war. The Soviet Ambassador to Iran, Vladimir Vinogradov, called on Banisadr and assured him that Moscow was opposed to Iraq's invasion. To convince the skeptical Iranian President, he gave Banisadr a transcript of talks held in Moscow the day before between Tariq Aziz, Iraq's deputy Prime Minister, and Boris Ponomarev, a secretary of the Soviet Communist Party. In the discussion, Ponomarev told Aziz that Moscow did not endorse the Iraqi invasion and demanded an immediate end to the war.

On Oct. 5, Vinogradov met with Iranian Prime Minister Raja'i and declared that Moscow was ready to provide military assistance to Tehran. Raja'i, a devout Muslim fundamentalist, flatly rejected the offer and criticized Moscow for its opportunism. "Nothing you may give us is worth our freedom, independence and Islamic revolution," he reportedly told the ambassador, adding that Iran had strong objections to the Soviets' arming of Iraq and invasion of Afghanistan. Adding insult to injury, Raja'i allowed the official Iranian news agency, PARS, to release a report on the talks. TASS responded by calling the stories about Soviet aid offers "a lie spread by the imperialist press."

A few days later, the irrepressible Vinogradov got a similar lecture from the speaker of the Majlis, Ali Akbar Hashemi Rafsanjani. As the two men entered the parliament building in downtown Tehran, Iraqi Soviet-built MiG-23 fighters roared overhead. "What is it we hear?" asked Vinogradov. "Your own MiGs," retorted Rafsanjani. Rafsanjani then told Vinogradov that Soviet friendship overtures would get nowhere so long

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Iraqi soldier with Soviet-made AK-47 near Khorramshahr

Italian freighter *Capriolo* in Iranian port is set ablaze by Iraqi air attack

as Moscow supported Baghdad and the puppet regime in Afghanistan. TIME has learned that the Iranians believe Moscow knew of the Iraqi attack beforehand, and did not inform Tehran because it saw an opportunity to widen its influence. Said a senior Iranian official: "The Kremlin thought it could easily fill up what it perceived to be a vacuum left by the eviction of the U.S. from Iran."

As usual, Soviet diplomatic intentions were proving hard for Western experts to read accurately. Despite the initial rebuffs from Tehran, the Soviets might well continue their wooing, assuming that sooner or later the isolated Iranians would find it necessary to seek their help. Meanwhile, despite their somewhat prickly relations with the mercurial Saddam Hussein, the Soviets were still on record as being Iraq's principal military supplier. They had also hedged their bets by firming up relations with a potentially useful client in Syria. The Soviets have been Syria's principal arms source since the late '50s, but Assad until now had carefully refused to formalize relations in a treaty. As it stands, the treaty substantially enhances Soviet options in the Middle East and calls for the two countries "to cooperate and coordinate their positions" in the event of a threat to either party.

Israel found itself in the novel position of being a noncombatant in a Middle East conflict. But Israeli officials expressed concern over the Syrian-Soviet treaty, lest it open the door for the stationing of Soviet troops in Syria. The new flirtation between Jordan and Iraq, not to mention the presence of Soviet supply ships in Aqaba harbor, was also worrisome to the Israelis. Warned Prime Minister Menachem Begin: "King Hussein has forgotten the lesson of the 1967 Six-Day War [when Jordan lost East Jerusalem and the West Bank by coming to Egypt's aid] and is jumping on the Iraqi bandwagon. I have the impression that this is not a very wise move on his part." The King justified his support for Iraq on the ground of Arab solidarity, but Western diplomats believe that he was taking a bold gamble. The Israelis always get nervous and trigger-happy, they pointed out, whenever Jordan aligns itself militarily with another Arab state. For that matter, Hussein was also off to Moscow this week to discuss the purchase of military equipment.

Possibly because of Israel's security concerns, the U.S. warned Jordan that U.S.-supplied arms must not be used outside the country without Washington's explicit approval. The Carter Administration, however, reportedly did give Hussein permission to use U.S. arms to defend the oil sheikdoms of the gulf if necessary. Deputy Secretary of State Warren Chris-

Giving Muslims a Lift

With their Muslim brothers embroiled in the Iran-Iraq war, 4,700 Israeli Arabs feared that they would not be able to make the hajj, the annual pilgrimage to the Holy City of Mecca. Day after day they waited for buses to meet them at the Allenby Bridge spanning the Jordan River, the boundary between Jordan and the Israeli-occupied West Bank, to begin their 18-hour overland journey to the holy sites in Saudi Arabia. Finally, on the tenth day of their vigil, the first of 125 dusty vehicles rolled into view. War or no war, the hajj would go on.

The Israeli Arabs' pilgrimage was a small but stunning triumph over the dislocations of war and the sectarian antagonisms of the Middle East. To begin with, the buses were supplied by Israel's implacable foe Iran, which must have needed the vehicles for the war effort back home. Forced to bypass Iraq, which provides the most direct route to Jordan, the drivers headed north to Turkey. There they were delayed for a week because the border was closed. Finally allowed to pass through Turkey, they were held up for four more days by the Syrians. As Iranians in a hostile Arab world, the drivers were probably lucky to have reached the Allenby Bridge at all, much less in two weeks. Said Benjamin Gur-Arieh, Prime Minister Menachem Begin's adviser on Arab affairs: "I'm not sure I would have driven those buses through Jordan. Maybe the [pro-Iraqi] Jordanians would have confiscated the buses and turned the drivers into soldiers."

No other Muslim country was willing to supply transportation for the Israeli faithful, who until 1978 were not allowed to make the hajj because they were citizens of the Jewish state. "The Iranians want to give the impression that they are the patrons of all Islam," said Gur-Arieh. Indeed, the pilgrims expressed profound gratitude to the Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini for his religious diplomacy, despite the fact that he is a leader of the Shi'ite branch of Islam while the Israeli Arabs are rival Sunnis. "Even if they cut my throat," said one pilgrim, "I'm for Khomeini."

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topher announced that the U.S., despite its frequent declarations of neutrality, would "respond to requests for assistance from nonbelligerent friends in the area who feel threatened by the conflict." The U.S. military contingent supporting four electronic surveillance planes (AWACs) loaned to Saudi Arabia had grown to more than 800 men last week. Additional troops and equipment were expected soon. A U.S. military assistance team flew to Riyadh for talks with Saudi officials. Said a State Department specialist: "We are stepping up our dialogue with the Saudis on what they need for their air defense."

While the Saudis were grateful for the AWACs, the gulf states have complained about the U.S. naval buildup outside the Strait of Hormuz in the Arabian Sea. The gulf states share an anguished ambivalence toward American military protection. They want the security of having U.S. forces poised beyond the horizon to salvage them in a crisis, but they do not want them too close for fear of provoking a counterbuildup of Soviet forces.

If there was a sense in the area of American impotence, it was perhaps symbolized best by the fact that the two principals in the war have accused each other of acting as agents of "American imperialism." Iran's Banisadr claimed his government had purchased documents proving that Iraqi officials had plotted their surprise attack in consultation with pro-Shah Iranian exiles and Israeli and U.S. intelligence agents. A top State Department official wearily dismissed the accusation as nonsense. The chances were that interested parties would believe whatever they wanted to believe as they kept choosing up sides in this nasty little war. —*By Marguerite Johnson. Reported by William Stewart/Khorramshahr and Wilton Wynn/Beirut*

Soviet Party Chief Brezhnev and Syrian President Assad review an airport honor guard before signing a friendship treaty in Moscow

Loser on the Sidelines

No matter how the Iran-Iraq war is resolved, the U.S. is a likely loser. From Washington, TIME *Diplomatic Correspondent Strobe Talbott analyzes the American quandary:*

Even before the outbreak of the Persian Gulf crisis, the U.S. was widely perceived, both at home and abroad, to be losing its ability to anticipate and influence events that jeopardize Western interests and world peace. For the U.S. to find itself on the sidelines of the current trouble is particularly frustrating and ominous. This marks the first time in the long and variegated history of modern Middle Eastern warfare that the U.S. has neither diplomatic relations with, nor political leverage on, either of the combatants. Commented Saudi Arabia's Foreign Affairs Minister, Prince Saud al Faisal: "The almost total absence of any U.S. sway with the parties directly involved in such a dangerous situation is sobering to say the least."

Fortunately the U.S. did have some sway with the Saudis themselves and with their neighbors the Omanis. To its credit, the Administration worked quickly and quietly behind the scenes to dissuade Saudi Arabia and Oman from making their airfields available to Iraqi planes and thus exposing themselves to Iranian retaliation. But that accomplishment was offset by the Administration's inability to prevent King Hussein of Jordan, a longtime friend of the U.S., from throwing in his lot with Iraq.

The U.S. had no choice but to remain neutral. But the Administration made a vice out of a necessity by conveying the impression early in the war that its policy of non-involvement was closely linked to, if not dictated by, concern for the American hostages. President Carter worried out loud about the effect of the fighting on the captives. He thus deepened concerns around the world that his public toying with the idea of resupplying the Iranians if they released the hostages was not only inconsistent with neutrality but cynical and desperate as well.

The war has further complicated U.S. diplomatic efforts to bring about a wider Middle East peace. From the Israeli perspective, radical Iraq has gone on a military rampage with the outright support of the supposedly moderate King Hussein, while the U.S. has stood helplessly by. That spectacle will hardly make the Israelis more amenable to bringing Hussein into the ongoing talks with Egypt about Palestinian autonomy, or to mediation by the U.S.

The Carter foreign policy advisers and their would-be successors in the Reagan camp are going to have to rethink their plans for protecting the security of the Persian Gulf. Both Carter and Reagan have elaborate strategies for deterring direct Soviet military intervention. But as recent weeks have shown, the more immediate threat is indigenous turmoil. Neither presidential candidate—nor anyone else, for that matter—has an answer to that problem or to the encroachment of Soviet diplomacy, such as the friendship treaty with Syria that Presidents Leonid Brezhnev and Hafez Assad signed last week.

Once the present fighting subsides and the two sides feverishly prepare for the next round in what could be a protracted bout—and once the hostage issue is settled—the U.S. will have to decide whether to resume arms supplies to Iran. It is a no-win dilemma. If the U.S. decision is to rearm Iran, an angry Iraq will use its growing influence with Saudi Arabia, the smaller gulf states and Jordan to punish Washington by trying to diminish further its influence in the Arab world. But if the U.S. refuses to help Iran rearm, the Iranians are very likely to turn to Moscow. The Soviets might well oblige —and thus greatly increase their own influence in Iran. They appear to have been fairly successful in covering their bets on both sides during the Iran-Iraq war so far. They may be even more successful during any uneasy truce that follows.

ALGERIA

The Tragedy of El Asnam

An ill-fated city is devastated again by a killer quake

Unlike Algeria's ancient coastal cities, with their crowded casbahs and narrow streets, the inland city of El Asnam in the fertile Chéliff River valley was starkly up to date. Its streets were wide, and its public buildings were modern and built of sandstone. Most of El Asnam's 125,000 inhabitants' homes were equally contemporary, and with good reason: just 26 years ago, the prosperous farming center 120 miles southwest of Algiers was devastated by a major earthquake, which killed 1,600 people. Thus the city's army barracks, sports stadium, police headquarters, hospital and grand mosque had to be rebuilt, along with 20,000 houses.

Last week, on Friday, the traditional Arab day of rest, the people of El Asnam again felt the earth move violently, not once but 20 times. The initial tremor registered 7.5 on the Richter Scale, which was slightly lower than the 7.7 recorded in September 1978, when 25,000 people were killed in northeast Iran. In El Asnam, the city was again laid waste, along with many of the farmhouses and villages in a 25-mile radius. Eyewitnesses estimated that 80% of El Asnam was destroyed; the Algerian Red Crescent initially reported that perhaps as many as 25,000 had been killed and another 200,000 injured or left homeless, without food or drinkable water. Said a Swiss official of the International Red Cross: "God knows when we'll have a reliable estimate of casualties. It could take weeks."

Apartment buildings destroyed by the series of violent tremors

Victims huddle in a schoolroom, while soldiers search for survivors

"Everything happened so quickly. The dogs did not have time to bark."

The quake struck at a time when most of El Asnam's office buildings and shops were closed because of the Muslim sabbath. But the streets and cafés of the residential neighborhoods teemed with families. Said a survivor: "Everything happened so quickly. The dogs did not have time to bark. It was all over within seconds." Apartment buildings tumbled like houses of cards. The walls of Le Chelif Hotel, which was the city's newest and fanciest, cracked wide open, and its roof caved in. The four-story hospital collapsed. A mosque, the city hall, police station and a girls' high school were virtually demolished.

Announcing the catastrophe to the nation on state-owned Algerian Television, a newscaster wept openly as he read the government's order mobilizing rescue squads and appealing to the public for donations of blood. Shortly afterward, French and Tunisian medical teams were dispatched to Algeria. Britain and West Germany provided emergency supplies, and Switzerland sent its famed air-rescue detachment. Because of heavy damage to railroads, highways and bridges, however, help was slow to arrive in El Asnam, except for a fleet of Algerian military helicopters, which began ferrying seriously injured victims to hospitals in other cities. Finally, 24 hours after the earthquake, a full-fledged disaster force, equipped with bulldozers, cranes and 6,000 tents, reached the El Asnam area.

They found that many inhabitants had been digging with their bare hands in the rubble, trying desperately to reach trapped victims, whose screams echoed through demolished streets. One rescue worker reported that arms and legs had to be amputated, without anesthetics, to free some people from the rubble. Groups of survivors, most of them from the city's outskirts, gathered on roadsides, waiting numbly for instructions.

Tents were quickly set up to house them at four sprawling encampments outside the city. As survivors arrived, many frantically hunted for their families. Wailed one man: "I just had time to grab my wife and run clear as our house collapsed, but our children were trapped inside. I don't know if they are alive or dead." Other people grimly carried their dead to the Muslim cemeteries on hillsides on the outskirts of the city. An old man with a long memory and the look of shock still in his eyes tearfully surveyed the devastation and said: "This is far worse than 1954." ■

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"She's the child he sponsors through Christian Children's Fund. Marta lives in a poor village in Central America. Her home is little more than a mud hut. There is no sanitation, and poverty and disease are all around her. But thanks to Mike, Marta is getting help.

"Now she goes to a special center every day where she is fed a good, wholesome meal. Her mother goes, too, and learns how to prepare better food. Soon Marta will be strong and healthy and then she'll have a chance to go to school like other children.

"Since 1975, I've been sponsoring a little girl in the Philippines named Marites. And because of the love I've been able to share with her, I want to help more children have the chance for a happier life.

"Now I have two little boys to care for. I sponsor five-year-old Damiano in Uganda and David, who is six and lives in Bolivia. Neither of these children has had enough to eat and both are suffering from poor health. But I can help change that. I know how much my love and support can do for each child. Because I know what it's doing for Marites.

"Giving a child the opportunity to live a normal, productive life is what a team like Christian Children's Fund is all about. For just $15 a month you can help provide a needy child with nourishing meals, proper clothing, medical care, a chance to go to school, or whatever is needed most.

"You don't need to send any money right now. Just mail in the coupon below. Christian Children's Fund will send you a child's photograph and family background information.

"You'll learn about Christian Children's Fund and how your sponsored child will be helped. You'll also learn how you can write and receive letters in return. There's no language barrier because the field office in each country will translate all correspondence.

"Mike and I are building a strong team, but we need your help. Please send in the coupon today. Join our team. And you'll know what we know. The joy of being needed by one small child who's reaching out for your love."

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Under banners reading "Jewish Revival," 150,000 marchers in Paris protest anti-Semitic violence following explosion outside a synagogue

FRANCE

Repercussions from the Blast

A huge march—and neofascist worries

It was the largest public demonstration in France since the 1968 strikes and the first time since the liberation of Paris in 1944 that all political parties and trade unions had united under a single banner. Filled with grief and revulsion, 150,000 people joined a solemn three-hour march through Paris to denounce racism and anti-Semitism. The protest was in response to the terrorist bombing of a Paris synagogue two weeks ago. Four passers-by on the Rue Copernic were killed and nine others seriously wounded. The bomb exploded prematurely, while 600 worshipers were still in the midst of Sabbath services; had it gone off a few minutes later, police estimated, "a hundred people would have been killed."

The synagogue bombing struck a raw, guilt-strained nerve in France, which has a history of anti-Semitism stretching back to the Enlightenment and including a virulent flare-up during the Depression. Still painful are memories of the German Occupation, when the Vichy regime helped the Nazis send 85,000 Jews to death camps. Rue Copernic made Frenchmen wonder whether violence was once again becoming a factor in their political life, especially since it closely followed explosions set off by right-wing terrorists at the Bologna train station (84 dead, 160 injured) and Munich's Oktoberfest (13 dead, 215 injured). Conditions certainly seemed right for a fascist revival in Western Europe. With work hard to find, restive young people have been growing impatient with prevailing economic models, both capitalist (U.S.) and Communist (U.S.S.R.). For a simplistic few, fascism seems reassuringly regimented. In France and West Germany (though not so much in Spain and Italy), fascism and anti-Semitism tend to go hand in hand.

At midweek, French police announced that they had reconstructed a Suzuki motorbike on which the bomb presumably had been strapped; the owner, Alexander Panaryu, believed to be a Cypriot, was being sought for questioning. And by then, the unity and earnest soul searching that followed the tragedy had given way to confusion and recrimination.

President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing was assailed for callously leaving Paris on a private weekend the night of the tragedy. Premier Raymond Barre made matters worse for the government when he carelessly told a television interviewer that the bomb was "aimed at Jews worshiping in a synagogue, but struck four innocent Frenchmen who crossed the Rue Copernic." Without meaning to, Barre had implied that the Jews inside were neither completely French nor completely innocent.

The French police, not having made a single important arrest in connection with 120 incidents since 1975, were also busy dodging charges that they were soft on rightist terrorism. Criticism had been building since August, when Italian authorities disclosed that a French police officer with well-known neo-Nazi connections had visited Italian ultrarightists in July, shortly before the Bologna blast. José Deltorn, a police union official, claimed last week that 30 members of the force were known neo-Nazis. He also charged that Interior Minister Christian Bonnet has had a list of the suspect policemen on his desk for weeks but has done nothing.

The Rue Copernic bombing was the clearest indication yet that neofascism and anti-Semitism were testing French society. In the week before the explosion, two synagogues and two Hebrew schools in Paris were machine-gunned. On the day of the huge protest march through Paris, thugs tried to bomb a Jewish-owned grocery store in Grenoble and bar in Marseille, and attacked dozens of Jewish stores and homes in the countryside. Says Historian Pascal Ory, a specialist on the French right: "The new generation does not have firsthand memories of the failure of Nazism. They can romanticize it today in a way that nobody could 20 years ago."

French neofascists have apparently had an impact way out of proportion to their numbers, which are quite few by most reckonings. The European Nationalist Union (F.N.E.) is the largest such group, with an estimated membership of only 200. Although uninterested in sophisticated political theory, neofascist street soldiers have found ideological shelter in the work of various writers, known collectively as the New Right, who support such Nazi notions as elitist education and genetic engineering. Warns Ory: "Every society produces marginal people ready to put on a uniform to mythify their delinquency. What is dangerous is a group of intellectuals who can gild the uniform and make it seem respectable."

Although there have been contacts between neofascist groups in most European countries, authorities do not believe they are coordinating their strategy. Still, their increasing boldness is cause for alarm. Right-wing assassins in Italy have killed 88 people so far this year and are now as feared as the leftist Red Brigades. Even before the Oktoberfest bombing, the small neo-Nazi movement in West Germany had stepped up its attacks on immigrant ghettos and Jewish memorials. In Spain, 18 people have been murdered by right-wing terrorists this year, and neofascist rallies have been attracting crowds of 20,000 to 30,000. French Historian René Rémond says these signs are part of "a contagion of violence."

In France, at least, there is now a public mandate for tough measures against the neo-Nazis. The increasingly militant Jewish community will keep the political pressure at high pitch. If the police are unable to control the terrorists, the outcry for law-and-order will doubtlessly escalate. In that event, the authorities must take care not to be more authoritarian than the fascist fringe. "Can we keep cool?" Rémond asks. "That is the wager." —*By Stephen Smith. Reported by Sandra Burton and Alessandra Stanley/Paris*

F.D.P. Leader Genscher and Schmidt in a jovial mood after their victory

WEST GERMANY

Business as Usual for a Big Winner

Schmidt settles into Europe's strongest political position

The campaign had been marred by smears and name-calling; the election aftermath was marked by recriminations and a few gloomy second thoughts. "We suffered a heavy defeat," acknowledged Helmut Kohl, chairman of the Christian Democratic Union (C.D.U.). "The results are disappointing," said Hans-Jürgen Wischnewski, deputy chairman of the winning Social Democratic Party (S.P.D.). But not, clearly, to Wischnewski's boss, Chancellor Helmut Schmidt. Three days after the election he strode briskly to his chancellery office, and in an impatient, business-as-usual manner, presided over a meeting of his newly reappointed Cabinet as if nothing had happened

In fact Schmidt's considerable triumph in the Oct. 5 national elections left him in the strongest political position of any Western European leader. France's President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing was bracing for a spring election that could reduce his standing with the voters. In Britain, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher faced sharp criticism for her monetarist program. But Schmidt, 61, overseer of the Continent's healthiest major economy (5.1% inflation and 3.5% unemployment) had a new mandate to govern for another four years, probably without serious challenge.

The final tally of 38.2 million votes showed that Schmidt's coalition of his own S.P.D. and the Free Democratic Party (F.D.P.) won 53.8%, a gain of more than 3% compared with the 1976 election. The conservative coalition of the C.D.U. and the Bavarian-based Christian Social Union (C.S.U.) fell to 44.5%, a drop of more than 4%. Schmidt thus quadrupled his majority in the Bundestag to a more-than-comfortable 45 seats. The new lineup in the 497-seat lower house will give the S.P.D. 218 seats, the F.D.P. 53 and the C.D.U.-C.S.U. 226

Some of Schmidt's colleagues were disappointed that the S.P.D. had gained so little, an increase of only .3% in the popular vote, to 42.9%. In fact, Schmidt had done little to dispel the impression that he never wanted his own party to win an absolute majority, lest its obstreperous left wing get out of control

The coalition's strong margin of victory was provided by the moderate Free Democrats, who made their best national election showing in 20 years: 10.6% of the popular vote, and 14 new seats. Many voters evidently turned to the F.D.P. out of fear of extremists in the other camps. Chairman Hans-Dietrich Genscher, who is Schmidt's Vice Chancellor and Foreign Minister, said that his party would not ask for more than the four key ministries it already has. Instead, the F.D.P. planned to exert more influence in policymaking, and thus strengthen Schmidt's hand in resisting the demands of radicals in his own party for more socialist welfare programs and a more pliant stance toward Moscow

As for the C.D.U.-C.S.U. opposition, it was already beset by internal squabbles. No wonder. The alliance dropped from 48.6% of the popular vote to 44.5%, and lost 17 seats in the Bundestag. Though Conservative Challenger Franz Joseph Strauss insisted that he might try again in the future, many party regulars were convinced that they had probably seen the 65-year-old Bavarian politician's last hurrah as a candidate for Chancellor "Yes, I made mistakes," Strauss acknowledged last week. "There is only one German political figure who thinks he never made a mistake: Helmut Schmidt." ■

BRITAIN

Crowing Tories

A reprieve for the Iron Lady

For Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, the vicious struggle between left and right that erupted at the Labor Party's annual conference in Blackpool could not have been better timed. The growing discontent within her own party and even her own Cabinet was muted as the Tories, meeting last week in the seaside resort of Brighton, closed ranks to crow over their bitterly divided opposition. Exhorted Thatcher: "Let Labor's Orwellian nightmare of the left be a spur for us to rebuild the fortunes of this free nation."

Still, beneath the well-orchestrated harmony and smooth avoidance of controversial votes, pressures were mounting on Thatcher to soften her rigid monetarism as Britain slips deeper into recession. After 17 months in office, the Thatcher government's economic policies were being sharply attacked, not just by trade-union leaders but by industrial managers as well.

Britain's economic statistics are grim Unemployment is above 2 million, roughly 8.4% of the work force, and rising sharply. More than 7,000 firms are expected to go under this year. Inflation, while slowing down from a 1980 high of 21% in July, stands at 16.3%. Manufacturing output is down, interest rates are at 16%, and the money supply, crucial to the monetarist creed, has exceeded targeted limits by more than a third. "The government's entire economic strategy faces a crisis of credibility," charged the London *Times*. "The private sector, which

Thatcher with gift of apples at Brighton

Closing ranks against a divided opposition

The Chairman of the Board tells "The Chairman of the Board" why it's time for Imperial.

Lee Iacocca talks to Frank Sinatra about the future of luxury cars in America.

On July 18, 1980 Frank Sinatra, the entertainment industry's "Chairman of the Board," joined Lee A. Iacocca, Chairman of the Board of The New Chrysler Corporation, at the first public exhibition of America's newest luxury car, the 1981 Imperial.

This new Imperial is an unusually timely automobile. In price and size it is comparable to Cadillac's Eldorado and the Continental Mark VI. But it is a newer automobile than its competitors and, in significant ways, it is substantially different from either of them; it is these differences that make the Imperial the unique automobile it is.

After opening the exhibition and viewing the new Imperial, Sinatra and Iacocca spent some time discussing what America needs in a luxury car today and how this new Imperial fills those needs.

Sinatra: When you build a luxury car, where do you start? Do you have a design in mind? How do you lay down the specs for a new luxury car?

Iacocca: You try to build a luxury car that's better than the competition. Say you take your leading potential competitor and you might say, 'I'm going to give a customer 105 percent of this guy's riding comfort. Or 100 percent of his cornering ability.' You can set your sights on what the people are already buying.

Sinatra: Is that what you did with the new Imperial?

Iacocca: Sure. But our standards for this one were based more on what the people need today than on what the competition is giving them. You know, times have changed in the automobile business.

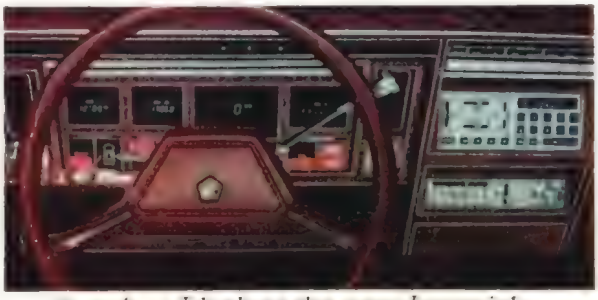
Sinatra: You mean the energy crunch.

Iacocca: Partly. That's why today you have to try to build a car that's the right kind of car for now and, hopefully, for tomorrow as well. Now, you've owned a lot of cars.

Sinatra: You'd better believe it.

"...the styling actually helps the car perform the way you need a car to perform these days."

Iacocca: What do you think an American luxury car should be today?
Sinatra: I don't know where to start.
Iacocca: Start with the way it should look.
Sinatra: Well, first of all, I'd want it to look simple. I like a clean look. Because I believe that a lot of chrome looks dated. I think things are getting cleaner and simpler looking and that's how it should be.
Iacocca: Agreed. That's why we tried to keep the Imperial as uncluttered as possible.
Sinatra: It looks rich, Lee. And the shape—it's very clean.
Iacocca: It's what we call slippery.
Sinatra: Slippery?
Iacocca: Slips through the air. In the wind tunnel they give it a number they call a drag coefficient. Tells you how aerodynamic the car is. The lower the number, the better you're doing.
Sinatra: Well, you've come out of the wind tunnel with a very elegant looking automobile.
Iacocca: What pleases me more is that the styling actually helps the car perform the way you need a car to perform these days.
Sinatra: Fine, but what about the things I can't see? What about engineering? You guys had a big reputation for engineering.
Iacocca: I believe we're still ahead. But engineering a car has changed radically in the last ten years.
Sinatra: Come on, Lee, this country can put a man on the moon, but we can't build an automobile right. Where's our technology when it comes to things we use every day?
Iacocca: I hear you. But I've been in this business a lot of years and when I look at the new Imperial, I see an electronic marvel.
Sinatra: An electronic marvel? What does that mean?
Iacocca: Okay. You mention the space program. Our electronics division down in Huntsville, Alabama, was a prime contractor on the Redstone missile and the Saturn Apollo program. We're an industry leader in automotive electronics, going back to electronic ignition. There are several hundred electronics experts down there in Huntsville and after we switched them from space work to commercial work, the Imperial is one of the things they went to work on.
Sinatra: What did they do?
Iacocca: Worked with our engineers up here in Michigan on developing our system of Electronic Fuel Injection.
Sinatra: That's not new, Lee. Fuel injection's been around for years.
Iacocca: Not like this. The Imperial has the first continuous flow fully electronically controlled fuel injection for any production automobile built in the world.
Sinatra: Why is that good?
Iacocca: First of all, it controls both the fuel delivery and the spark advance, based on information it gets from about a dozen sensors that monitor everything from engine temperature to barometric pressure in the atmosphere. They feed all this information into what we call the Combustion Computer. Then the computer figures the best possible spark advance for all these conditions and the best proportion of air to fuel, and meters out the exact amount you need.
Sinatra: What's in it for me?
Iacocca: Four things. First of all it starts by just a turn of the key. Second, you get the smoothest idle, even on cold mornings. Number three, there are practically no balks. And number four, practically no stalls.
Sinatra: Sounds terrific.
Iacocca: And that's only the half of it. I tell you, we've never had electronics like this. Now, you've got to admit, this instrument panel is rather unusual.
Sinatra: I've driven a lot of cars and I've never seen anything that looked the least bit like it. But why does a digital instrument panel make the Imperial a better car?
Iacocca: Because it makes you a smarter driver. Tell me, what do you need to know when you're driving a car?
Sinatra: I want to know how fast I'm going. How far I've gone. How much gas I've got left. What time it is. That's about it.
Iacocca: Okay. This instrument panel shows you all of that in words and numbers.
Sinatra: No gauges?
Iacocca: No gauges. This is the only production built American car with a completely electronic digital instrument cluster.
Sinatra: And what do the buttons do?



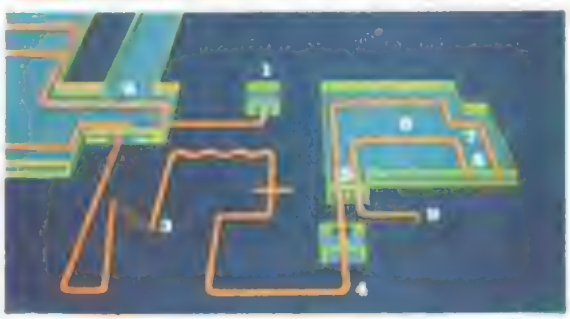
"...when I look at the new Imperial, I see an electronic marvel."

1981 Imperial
Size and price: comparable to Cadillac Eldorado and Continental Mark VI. 16 EPA est. mpg, 26 est. hwy. mpg. Use these estimates for comparison. Your mileage may vary depending on speed, weather and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less. Calif. ests. lower.

"Every luxury is standard. And there are more luxuries standard than any car in America."

Iacocca: They turn your instrument panel into an Electronic Communications Center. Push button number one and your speedometer reading changes from miles per hour to kilometers per hour.
Sinatra: Not bad.
Iacocca: Push button number two and your electronic chronometer gives you the date instead of the time. Button number three turns the whole chronometer into an electronic timer that tells you how long you've been driving.
Sinatra: What about how far I've gone?
Iacocca: That's button number four. Push it and the electronic odometer shows you how far you've gone since you started. The next button tells your average speed.
Sinatra: And it's all in miles or kilometers?
Iacocca: That's right. Button six shows how far the gas in your tank will take you under present driving conditions. Number seven shows how many miles you're now getting to the gallon. And number eight gives your miles per gallon over your entire trip.
Sinatra: I've never had that on any car. That's fantastic.
Iacocca: There's more.
Sinatra: More buttons to push?
Iacocca: No. This part is all automatic. If either half of the dual hydraulic brake system is defective, a light goes on. If the emergency brake is on, this lights up. If your oil pressure or battery voltage are too low, or your engine temperature is too high, these lights come on.
Sinatra: That's a lot of lights.
Iacocca: We've got chimes, too. If you don't buckle up, your Imperial will chime at you. Leave the key in the ignition and it beeps. Leave the lights on and it makes a tone.
Sinatra: Very musical.
Iacocca: I told you we built it for you, Frank.
Sinatra: What about your other customers? Is this stuff all standard equipment on every Imperial you build?
Iacocca: Frank, the only option on the Imperial that is not standard is a power sliding roof. Every other luxury is standard. And there are more luxuries standard on the Imperial than any car in America. I've got even more luxuries than *you* would ask for.
Sinatra: Try me.
Iacocca: You try me. What features do you want your car to have?
Sinatra: Start with music.
Iacocca: Your choice of four sound systems, standard. All stereo. All with six speakers. What else do you want?
Sinatra: Power steering, power windows, power door locks, power seats.
Iacocca: Of course.
Sinatra: What about speed control? I think that's important.
Iacocca: Of course.
Sinatra: What about leather upholstery?
Iacocca: Frank, this is the only car in the world with an interior by Mark Cross. It's even got a built-in garage door opener and a hood ornament of Cartier crystal.
Sinatra: You're not fooling around with quality on this baby, are you?
Iacocca: I wanted to have a quality automobile to sell. And I wanted to be able to give it a basic limited warranty twice as long as the competition's.
Sinatra: How long is that?
Iacocca: Two years or 30,000 miles, whichever comes first. It covers all parts except tires, all labor and all scheduled maintenance. Our rust warranty lasts a full *three* years.
Sinatra: Let me get this straight. I don't even pay for an oil change?
Iacocca: That's right. You're going to have to see the Imperial warranty for the details.
Sinatra: That kind of confidence must have taken guts, Lee.
Iacocca: I know what went into it. Look, every one of these Imperials gets a five-and-a-half-mile test drive by an expert. We built a Quality Assurance Center where the whole vehicle gets a going-over to make sure that nothing gets out that's not first-rate. When an inspector there signs off on the car, the signed papers actually come to the buyer with the car.

Imperial Quality Assurance Program starts with preselected parts (1) and special care assembly (2), goes on to a 5.5-mile test drive (3), hot engine checks (4), water checks (5), checks of suspension, steering (6), [illegible] and metal finish (8) before final sign-off (9).



"I wanted to have a quality automobile to sell. And I wanted to be able to give it a basic limited warranty twice as long as the competition's."

Sinatra: I think there are a lot of people waiting for a new luxury car like this one, Lee.
Iacocca: I've got a whole bunch of Imperial dealers all over the country who are just waiting for them, Frank.

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she pledged to revitalize, is suffering, while the public sector, her target for attack, is hardly affected."

Opposition to Thatcher's policies had been growing steadily—until the Labor Party conference. Before, every major poll showed Labor leading the Tories by ten to eleven points. Afterward, a Gallup poll indicated Labor's lead had dropped to three points in reaction to the bitter fracas. Tory analysts take this to be only a temporary reprieve. Says M.P. Peter Tapsell, a respected Tory backbencher: "We will make a bad mistake if we assume that Labor's shambles at Blackpool guarantee us victory at the next general election [in 1984]. Electorates turn out governments, not oppositions. If we fail to get the economy right, the voters aren't likely to care all that much whether they replace us with a government led by Denis Healey or Tony Benn." Healey represents Labor's moderates, Benn its far left.

In the barnlike Brighton Center on the famous old seafront, Thatcher was cheered ecstatically by the 5,000 delegates, as Tory left and right put aside their differences. The right, if it held sway, would have her cut public spending much more severely. The government has already cut nearly $20 billion from public spending and is planning to bite deeply again next year. Sir Raymond Pennock, spokesman for the Confederation of British Industry, argued in a long meeting with Thatcher that "industry has got itself efficient. It has shouldered massive reduction in jobs. Government must do the same."

The Tory left has never been comfortable with Thatcher's zest for monetarism, meaning the strict regulation of a nation's money supply as the key to economic revival. It is beginning to press for more flexibility and compassion. Employment Secretary James Prior warned the conference against endorsing the harsh anti-union stance favored by some rightist Tories. "It makes no sense," he said, "to act as though we are taking part in the Charge of the Light Brigade."

At the closing session, Thatcher was defiant: "We shall not be diverted from our course. To those waiting for a U-turn, I have only this to say. You turn if you want to—the lady's not for turning!" Despite the cheers on both sides of the party, there is anxiety that Thatcher may not be able to turn around the economic woes by election time. Ahead this winter is an unavoidable showdown between the government and public service workers over pay increases that will severely test her policies. If that confrontation goes badly —and some militant union leaders have declared their intention to force an industrial crisis—it will take more than an ideological split in the Labor Party to divert the full blast of both public opinion and party pressure on Britain's Iron Lady. —*By Bonnie Angelo/London*

An artist's rendition of Russian ships sinking during the 1905 battle of the Sea of Japan

JAPAN

Treasure off Tsushima

Old tale about the czar's gold may be true

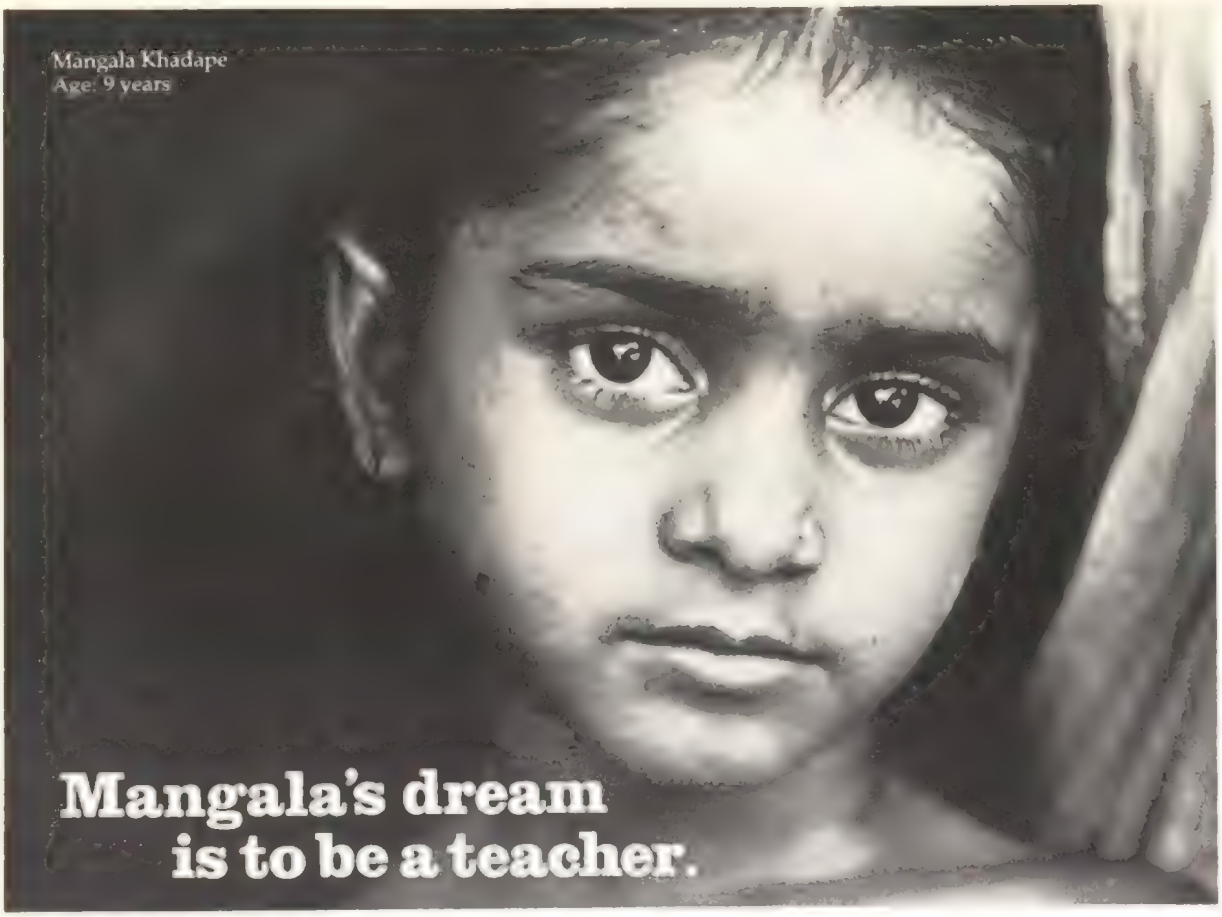
Almost 75 years have passed since Admiral Heihachiro Togo, in the climactic encounter of the Russo-Japanese war, sank 20 of the 38 czarist warships that participated in the battle of the Sea of Japan. The echoes still reverberate. Spurred anew by an old tale that Czar Nicholas II's sunken fleet had been carrying a fortune in gold and other precious metals, a team of divers six months ago reached the 8,524-ton Russian cruiser *Admiral Nakhimov*, in 314 ft. of water 5.5 miles off Tsushima Island, in an area between South Korea and Japan that lies well within Japanese territorial waters. They surfaced with a dull silver, footlong, 22-lb. ingot bearing Cyrillic markings. Said Salvage Chief Katsumi Uchinai as he displayed the bar before a packed Tokyo press conference: "At long last we have uncovered the treasure."

The salvage team insisted that the bar was platinum, but too "sacred" to be submitted to analysis. Some experts thought that it was too light for platinum and might be sterling silver. But after 15 more ingots were recovered last month, the discovery touched off shock waves almost as strong as those of the original battle. The find started a gold rush—to the delight of Sadami Umeno, mayor of Tsushima's isolated principal town of Kamitsushima (pop. 7,300). "We would like to have a hospital and a 3,000-ton ferryboat," said the mayor, suggesting that the treasure hunt entitled the island to some benefits it was previously promised. "We might even have an airport built."

Meanwhile, a Soviet diplomat called at the Foreign Office in Tokyo and claimed for Moscow whatever treasure was found; his stand was backed by Kyushu University's Hideo Takabayashi, a professor of international law. Abandoned warships, said Takabayashi, unlike abandoned merchantmen, continue to belong to the governments whose flag they once flew. Not so, said the Japanese Foreign Office. The find, it held, belonged to neither the Soviet nor the Japanese government.

That view sat well with Ryoichi Sasakawa, 81, famous in Japan as a philanthropist and longtime prewar supporter of conservative causes, an accused war criminal who spent three years in jail after World War II, and a multimillionaire whose fortune was made by, among other things, staging hydroplane races on which eager Japanese bettors could wager. Sasakawa disclosed that he had sponsored the salvage ship *Teno* and its team of divers at a cost of $13.6 million. The ingots and whatever else was found were his, said Sasakawa, who estimated that treasure worth no less than $36 billion was aboard the *Admiral Nakhimov*.

With that, Sasakawa unveiled a patriotic proposal: he would surrender the entire treasure to the Soviet Union in exchange for a group of islands off Hokkaido that the Soviets seized from Japan after World War II and have steadfastly refused to return. Promised Sasakawa, with a chuckle: "I'm ready to talk with whomever Brezhnev-san might send over to my office." ■



But first she has to survive.

Mangala is warm, intelligent, gentle. She has two younger sisters. Her father is dead. Her mother works in a factory, but she doesn't earn enough to feed her daughters *and* send her eldest to school. But Mangala has a few schoolbooks. And she still has her dream. And thanks to her Foster Parents, she is now going to school. Dreams can come true.

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Nobelists Jean Dausset of France and Americans Baruj Benacerraf and George Snell

Pioneers of the "Supergene"

A trio of top immunologists wins the Nobel

The rumor in Stockholm a year ago was that the Nobel Prize in Physiology or Medicine would go to a trio of scientists for basic research in how the body defends itself against external agents and maintains its internal well-being. The prediction proved wrong—but only by twelve months. Last week Sweden's Karolinska Institute announced that the 1980 award, worth $212,000, will be shared by three pioneering immunologists: Jean Dausset of France and two Americans, George Snell and Baruj Benacerraf.

The three, working independently, have been studying a group of genes that are intimately linked to the body's immune response. Snell, 76, of the Jackson Laboratory at Bar Harbor, Me., laid the groundwork with studies using mice. Attempting to transplant first tumor cells and then normal tissue, he discovered that the success of the operations depended on protein molecules on the surface of cells. These proteins, called antigens, have characteristic shapes and structures, but combinations differ from individual to individual. Snell found that the more antigens the subjects had in common, the more likely was the graft to take. Investigating further, he learned that the formation of antigens was controlled by a group of genes on a specific chromosome in a cell's nucleus. He called these genes the "major histocompatibility complex," since it was the prime factor in determining whether transplanted tissue would be rejected.

But did such a complex exist in humans? Dausset, 63, of the Saint-Louis Hospital of the University of Paris, found that it did. Comparing the white blood cells (leukocytes) of patients undergoing transfusions with those from blood donors, Dausset identified distinct antigens on cell surfaces. Then he located the controlling genes. Because they were first found in white blood cells, the surface proteins are called human leukocyte antigens (HLA), though they exist in all tissues. Over 40 antigens have been identified.

Snell's and Dausset's discoveries have led to better matching of donor organs with recipients. Further, since the HLA molecules give everyone except identical twins a unique biochemical profile, HLA "typing" has become a major tool in forensic medicine. It has helped identify rapists through semen stains, and in one paternity case it showed that a pair of fraternal twins were sired by different fathers. Researchers have found that certain HLA groupings are associated with particular diseases, including multiple sclerosis and rheumatoid arthritis. Through HLA typing, it may one day be possible to tell an individual what illnesses he is most likely to contract. Caracas-born Benacerraf, 59, who teaches at Harvard, has further defined the histocompatibility complex. He was intrigued by the variable nature of the immune response—the body's defense against such foreign invaders as viruses. In experiments with mice and guinea pigs, Benacerraf found that the genes that control the vigor of the immune response are part of the major histocompatibility complex.

It will take years of study to figure out how the histocompatibility complex works, but the Nobelists have already shown that it is a sort of command center for the cell. To researchers it is known affectionately as "supergene." ■

Furtive First

Genetic jump from mice to man

Just this past spring, scientists at U.C.L.A. announced that they had inserted foreign genes into the bone-marrow cells of mice, the first attempt at using new genetic-engineering techniques with living animals. But experiments on humans, experts said, were still years away. Not so. Last week it was disclosed that the great divide between research in mouse and in man had been quietly crossed.

In July, U.C.L.A. Hematologist Martin Cline and colleagues at Jerusalem's Hadassah Hospital on Mount Scopus and at a clinic of the University of Naples performed gene transfers on two female patients. Both had severe thalassemia, an inherited blood disorder in which the bone marrow produces red cells with defective hemoglobin (the molecule that carries oxygen to body tissues). Victims need frequent blood transfusions, but this leads to a buildup of iron in the body, particularly the heart, that can eventually cause death.

Cline and his collaborators treated their patients by removing a small amount of bone marrow and mixing it with genes capable of directing production of normal hemoglobin. The genes had been manufactured by bacteria altered by recombinant-DNA techniques. The marrow cells, now bearing the new genes, were then injected back into the patients. There is as yet no sign that their reconstituted marrow cells are producing healthy hemoglobin. But the story of the experiment, which was broken by the Los Angeles *Times*, has raised questions about whether the effort was premature. U.S. regulations require investigators to get approval for tests with humans from special committees at their own institutions. Cline had submitted a proposal for such work to U.C.L.A. last year, but its committee turned him down, citing the lack of study with animals. The decision came at the end of July, just days after the human experiments had been done abroad.

Martin Cline

Cline says that safety guidelines similar to those in the U.S. were followed in Israel and Italy. But, observed one Israeli hematologist, "if this type of research is forbidden in the U.S., a world model for such work, I would hesitate to approve it in my own country." In Washington, the National Institutes of Health's Office for Protection from Research Risks has asked U.C.L.A. for a full report. Declares Cline: "After consideration of all the scientific and moral aspects, I'd do it again." ■

Supercolt Outruns Controversy

While his owners squabble, Niatross keeps on winning

In the long history of harness racing, there has never been a horse quite like the big bay colt called Niatross. Winner of 30 races in 32 trips to the post, he is the Secretariat of his sport. The fastest pacer ever to pull a sulky, Niatross holds world records for both the racing mile and a mile in a time trial. Last weekend, he won the Messenger Stakes at New York's Roosevelt Raceway by two lengths on a rain-soaked track to capture the Triple Crown for pacers.* Niatross thus became only the sixth pacer in history to win the Triple Crown and assured his place among the superhorses of any breed.

Tote board tells record times

As befits a colt of his stature, Niatross was syndicated last year for a record $8 million while still a two-year-old. The horse quickly acquired a slew of proud parents: 26, to be exact, including the 71-year-old woman who bred him, the trainer-driver who has shepherded his development since he was a weanling, the securities executive who put together the syndicate to manage his stud career and 23 investors. Unfortunately, it is not one big happy family. Niatross's various owners have slapped one another with lawsuits, attempting to gain control over the colt's future. On one flank are Breeder Elsie Berger and Trainer-Driver Clint Galbraith; on the other is Stockbroker Louis Guida, manager of the Niatross syndicate. At issue is which breeding farm will have the benefit of his prestigious services.

When he was foaled at Hanover Shoe Farms in Pennsylvania in the spring of 1977, it seemed unlikely that the son of Albatross, one of the first megabucks harness sires, would end up in a broken home. Galbraith, 43, and the septuagenarian Berger had been informal partners for nearly a quarter of a century. When he was 19, Galbraith came as an apprentice to the woman's stables in Grand Island, N.Y., and over the years trained many of her top pacers. After Berger moved her breeding operation to Hanover Shoe Farms, she continued to use Galbraith as a trainer and, occasionally, offered him joint ownership of selected horses. Niatross was among them. Says Berger: "We've always been friends. He's trained my horses, and from time to time I've given him a horse. Clint is family."

When Galbraith took his strapping (16 hands high) colt to the races, Niatross showed none of the gangliness of youth, winning his first six starts. Enter Stockbroker Guida, a Merrill, Lynch executive who dabbled in harness syndications as a sideline. In September of 1979, Guida bought half-interest in the colt for $2.5 million in cash plus performance bonuses. He quickly recouped that investment by selling 20 shares at $200,000 each.

Niatross continued to dominate the pacing field as a three-year-old, finally running up a string of 19 consecutive wins. In July the agreement between the owners came unraveled—and so did the colt. Galbraith and Berger sued Guida, hoping to invalidate the sale. The central issue was where Niatross would stand at stud. Galbraith wants the horse at the Scottsville, N.Y., farm run by his wife. The purchase agreement stipulates that Niatross will go to a farm of Guida's choosing. For her part, Berger will say only that she wants her colt to remain in New York State. As for Guida: "Niatross deserves a stud farm that is first class in every respect, from a mahogany stall to full-time veterinarians."

While the owners feuded, Niatross faltered. He lost back-to-back starts, the only defeats of his 32-race career. Trailing in a race at Saratoga on July 5, Galbraith tapped Niatross with a whip. It was the first time the colt had ever been whipped. Startled, he bolted over the railing, sprawling with a sickening thud on the infield grass. Miraculously, he escaped with a bruise. Six days later, Niatross raced at New Jersey's Meadowlands and finished fourth.

Since then, Niatross has rolled on to eleven straight victories. He swept the Cane Pace and the Little Brown Jug —the first two legs of the pacing Triple Crown—setting a track record in one of them. In the weeks before the Messenger Stakes, he kept in trim by running a time trial alongside Thoroughbreds at Lexington, Ky. Head held high in the distinctive pacer's posture, his legs whipping a high-speed dressage, Niatross flew around the track in 1:49⅕, smashing the world record for a pacing mile by 2⅖ sec —even bigger than the margin by which Secretariat shattered the Belmont Stakes record in his 31-length victory in the final leg of the 1973 Thoroughbred Triple Crown

Such performances further enhance his value as a stud, but Galbraith and Berger are eager for him to continue to race. Says Berger: "I want to see him race as a four-year-old. God put breath in this horse so that he could bring excitement to the people." Guida disagrees: "What if he takes a false step and is injured? Right now, he's worth $40,000 per breeding. But the risks are great, and everything could be lost."

Already lost is the dignity of the warring factions. One day before the Messenger Stakes, Guida won a court ruling that puts Niatross out to stud in 1981. But the bitterness remains, and Galbraith and Berger plan to appeal. Laments Berger: "He's such a regal animal. I hope that all this doesn't reflect on the horse." It couldn't. Niatross is the best that's ever been. —*By B.J. Phillips. Reported by Peter Ainslie/New York*

Niatross and Trainer-Driver Clint Galbraith at Lexington, Ky., for time trial

The Secretariat of pacers shattered the world record in a tune-up for the Triple Crown.

*The pacer is differentiated from another standardbred racer, the trotter, by the distinctive pacing gait front and hind legs on each side stride together

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GUESS WHO'S DONE IT AGAIN.

EPA names Volkswagen Rabbit Diesel highest rated mileage car for fourth year in a row.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 12—The Environmental Protection Agency today announced the results of its annual tests for fuel efficiency. Leading the pack was once again the Volkswagen Rabbit Diesel beating out all other cars tested with a whopping 42 miles to gallon. Coming in behind Rabbit

The tests are conducted on cars submitted to the EPA by the auto industry itself. Each car is tested under conditions that simulate actual "on the road" driving

[EPA estimated 42 mpg. Use the estimated mpg for comparison to other cars. Actual mileage may vary with speed, trip length, weather.]

People

Helen Hayes in the pink at 80

Under pastel parasols on a pastoral set, the stars gathered for a Victorian garden party: **Maureen O'Sullivan, Arlene Dahl, Fritz Weaver, Celeste Holm.** But there was not a film crew in sight. The occasion? A benefit to revive the Tappan Zee Playhouse in Nyack, N.Y., an event that turned into a surprise 80th-birthday party for Local Resident **Helen Hayes.** Broadway's longtime First Lady bubbled over at the prospect of restoring the old theater where she and such "dear friends" as **Jack Benny, Tallulah Bankhead** and **Beatrice Lillie** once played. She was no less pleased with the day's festivities. "This party looks like the 19th century," said the one-time star of *Victoria Regina*. So, sartorially speaking, did she.

■

It gave new meaning to the phrase "no-frills flying." **Jaromir Wagner,** a 41-year-old West German car dealer, risked his life on a twelve-day, seven-stop journey from his homeland to the U.S. —without heat, seat, coffee, tea or milk. For the sake of what he called "the thrill" and at a cost of $325,000, Wagner made the trip strapped between the wings of a small, twin-engine plane, where he endured temperatures as low as 22° below zero. "I felt as though I was wearing a bathing suit," he said afterward. He was, in fact, clad in wool underwear, a frogman's suit, a ski suit, a leather suit, several wool sweaters and a motorcycle helmet. The frigid feat ended in a small New Jersey airfield, after a ritual circling of the Statue of Liberty and a near collision with the Goodyear blimp.

■

The diminutive white-haired man bowed humbly before the towering figure of the Spanish King. "*Mi amigo,* **Don Juan Carlos,**" he called the monarch familiarly. The King, who stands 6 ft. 3 in., could not object. For within the domain of painting, **Joan Miró** is himself a reigning giant. Miró, 5 ft. and 87 years old, was honored last week in a day of ceremonies crowned by the presentation by Juan Carlos of Spain's gold medal of fine arts. Among the other events: the opening of an exhibition of Miró's works in Madrid's Tiépolo Gallery and the official designation of a square, dominated by a huge Miró ceramic mural, as Plaza Joan Miró. "This signifies recognition of a lifetime's hard, sincere, steady work," exulted the spry octogenarian. "Yes," sighed his wife, Doña **Pilar Juncosa,** "if only now he would slow down."

Art Giant Miró receives gold medal from the lofty King of Spain

West German Wingwalker Wagner shivers over New Jersey on the final leg of his transatlantic exploit

"I am the only one in the world who can arrange this event," boasted San Diego Opera Director **Tito Capobianco.** Indeed, Capobianco's *Die Fledermaus* was an operatic double play: the first time Queen Coloraturas **Beverly Sills,** 51, and **Joan Sutherland,** 53, have appeared onstage together, and the last time Sills will appear in a full-length opera. Of course, few would have considered asking two divas to, Mozart forbid, share the same spotlight. Says Sills: "We still don't know if Tito asked Joan first and told her I had said yes, or asked me first and told me she had said yes." But they got on "like sisters," reports Sutherland. "I only hope this acquaintanceship continues." Sills, in her new role as director of the New York City Opera, quickly made sure of that—by inviting her sister soprano to come and be her guest star "any time she likes."

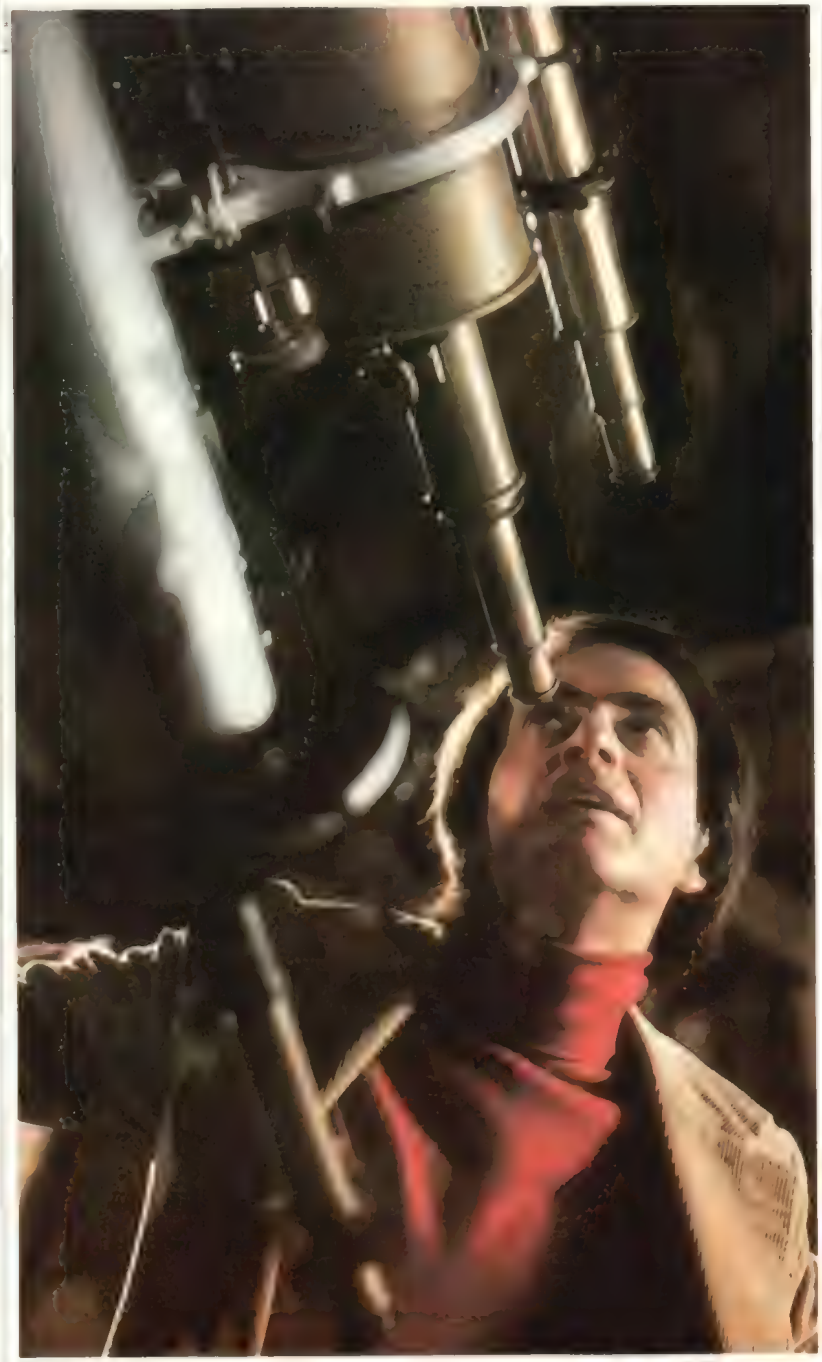
—*By Claudia Wallis*

A rare pair of divas, Sutherland and Sills, flank Maestro Capobianco

COVER STORY

The Cosmic Explainer

He-e-e-re's Carl, bringing you nothing less than the universe



Peering through a telescope at Arizona's Lowell Observatory once used to study Mars

Scene: A living room in Brooklyn, circa 1946

Grandfather: What do you want to be when you grow up?

Boy: An astronomer.

Grandfather: Yes, but how will you make a living?

Flashing through the heavens like an extraterrestrial Tinker Bell, the spacecraft looks like something by H.G. Wells out of Walt Disney. At the helm is none other than the boy from Brooklyn, now fully grown and, among several other things, a real astronomer. With a nonchalant gesture over his magical controls, he guides the ship on a voyage made possible only by the imagination, with the help of a Hollywood special-effects crew. Into the arms of giant galaxies he goes, through halos of stars, past a blinking pulsar, skirting the edge of a black hole, even reconnoitering a distant planet that seems to be inhabited.

It is an extraordinary journey, surmounting all barriers of space and time. The pilot-guide does not pause to question such miracles. Nor does he stint on bold speculation. Passing one planet, he muses, "Intelligent beings may have evolved and reworked this planetary surface in some massive engineering enterprise." Finally returning to the vicinity of home, he talks of "a single, ordinary, yellow dwarf star surrounded by a system of nine planets, dozens of moons, thousands of asteroids and billions of comets—the family of our sun." He fantasizes about large, tenuous life forms in the stormy atmosphere of Jupiter and about small, microbial ones in the reddish volcanic soil of Mars. To the space traveler, the earth is the shore of a cosmic ocean: "Recently, we have waded a little way out, maybe ankle-deep, and the water seems inviting."

So it goes when Carl Sagan, creator, chief writer and host-narrator of the new public television series *Cosmos* takes the controls of his fantasy spaceship. Sagan's grandfather can rest easy now. His grandson is not only making a living, thank you, he has also become a star—indeed, a supernova of sorts—in the scientific firmament. Sagan's books, ranging from speculations about life beyond the earth (*The Cosmic Connection*) to ruminations about the reptilian ancestry of the human brain (*The Dragons of Eden*) have sold millions of copies and have been translated into a dozen languages. His lectures,

on campus as well as off, attract overflow crowds. He is at home on late-night TV bantering with Johnny Carson about heavenly bodies, both human and astronomical. He has also talked with Jimmy Carter about such esoteric matters as black holes and exobiology (the study of possible extraterrestrial life).

Now, at 45, the Cornell-based scientist is displaying his didactic gifts in his largest classroom yet. The first two of *Cosmos*' 13 weekly episodes may have attracted more viewers (perhaps as many as 10 million each) than any regular series in PBS history. With a budget of $8.5 million, *Cosmos* was three years in the making, involved a production staff of 150 people and was filmed at 40 locations in twelve countries. It features special effects rivaling those in *Star Wars:* computer animation, scale models and painted backdrops as dazzling as anything ever attempted on television.

The series' name comes from the Greek word for the ordered universe, the antithesis of chaos. It is an apt choice. *Cosmos* is nothing less than Sagan's attempt to make sense out of what is for many people the hopelessly baffling world of 20th century science. To unfold his story he roves through two millennia of scientific progress, often shuttling back and forth over the centuries like some Wellsian time traveler. He travels the earth as well. One moment he is seated in a café on the Aegean island of Samos, home of Pythagoras and Aristarchus, explaining the first stirrings of Greek scientific prowess. At another moment, he is strolling through the venerable Cavendish Laboratories of England's Cambridge University, recounting the birth of modern atomic physics. At still another, he is standing in the bleak wastes of Death Valley, discussing the efforts of the Viking landers to find living things on Mars. Alas, concedes Sagan, they have found no sure trace of life —yet.

In the casualness of turtleneck jersey and chino pants, his butcher-boy haircut tousled by the wind, Sagan sends out an exuberant message: science is not only vital for humanity's future well-being, but it is rousing good fun as well. Even the most scientifically untutored person can—indeed, must—grasp its essentials. As Sagan insists, "There is nothing about science that cannot be explained to the layman."

Purists among his colleagues shudder at such popularization and simplification. After all, science has a long tradition, often violated to be sure, of modesty and understatement, even of calculated obfuscation, so that only an elite priesthood will be privy to its secrets. Other than the irrepressible Sagan, how many scientists would buzz a simulated Martian volcano, as he does in one *Cosmos* sequence; or rummage through a re-creation of the famed library of Alexandria, pretending to read long-lost papyrus scrolls; or attempt to explain the paradoxes of special relativity while bicycling through the hills of Tuscany, where the young Einstein once wandered? Sagan also issues some open challenges. To creationists, who argue for a biblical interpretation of life's beginnings, he states that evolution is not a theory, it is a fact. As for reports that creatures from other worlds have landed on earth, he dismisses them with a shrug.

From top: View of possible Jovian life; Sagan in a Wellsian time machine; With Viking lander in Death Valley

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Astrology, Sagan insists, is a fraud.

There are more than a few milligrams of arrogance in all this. The camera lingers too often on the Sagan profile. His lyrical language sometimes lapses into flowery excess, and occasionally *Cosmos*' galloping pace straggles to a crawl. But without a doubt, Sagan makes science as palatable as the apple pie he lovingly cuts up in a Cambridge University dining room in order to make a point about matter. He is the quintessential schoolmaster; he makes such a classical experiment as Christiaan Huygens' determination of the distance of the stars with only a perforated brass disc seem as vivid today as when it was performed three centuries ago. In the words of one admiring reviewer, he is the prince of popularizers, the nation's scientific mentor to the masses.

Since the beginnings of science, every age has had its tradition of explainers, often scientists themselves, who clarified new and difficult ideas. In the 19th century, T.H. Huxley served as the spokesman of Darwinian evolution. Later such skilled popularizers as Arthur Eddington and Bertrand Russell helped interpret the startling new worlds of relativity and quantum mechanics.

Today more and more scientists seem to be matching their talent for experimentation with a surprising gift for exposition. One of them is a Harvard paleontologist named Stephen Jay Gould, 39, author of two pellucid collections of essays on evolution (*Ever Since Darwin, The Panda's Thumb*). Another is Dr. Lewis Thomas, 66, whose humane writings on biology and medicine in the pages of the *New England Journal of Medicine* became the basis for two bestsellers (*The Lives of a Cell, The Medusa and the Snail*). Others include Physicists Jeremy Bernstein, 50, a regular contributor to *The New Yorker;* Robert Jastrow, 55, head of the Goddard Institute for Space Studies; and Princeton's Gerard O'Neill, 53, the leading apostle of space colonization. There is also the British physician Jonathan Miller, whose medical series *The Body in Question* is running on PBS and is the basis of a current book. Most prolific of all is Isaac Asimov, 60 (with 218 books to his credit at last count), a chemistry Ph.D. and one-time medical-school instructor.

A decade or so ago, much of the public would have turned a deaf ear to these voices of science, eloquent as they are. The subject was unpopular, even in disrepute. Science, or more accurately its offshoot technology, was being blamed for much that was wrong with the world: the growing despoliation of the environment, the chemical devastation of the Vietnamese countryside, the spread of nuclear weaponry. Even the first flush of excitement about landing men on the moon quickly turned into boredom after repeated video exposure of the dusty, lifeless lunar surface. Many people pressed loudly and insistently for more attention to earthly problems. NASA is still suffering budgetary blues from this outcry. Indeed, only last week the space agency's beleaguered boss, Robert Frosch, announced he was quitting, reportedly because of lack of financial support.

But even when science was attracting little popular interest, plenty was going on. Investigators were making enormous strides, especially those involved in basic research—inquiries with no immediate practical payoff. Some researchers were probing the inner secrets of the atomic nucleus; others, like Sagan himself, looked out to the mysteries of the planets and the stars. Still others discovered how the earth's surface, found to be unexpectedly mobile, has been shaped and reshaped over the ages. Perhaps most startling of all were the explorations on the very frontiers of life. For the first time, scientists were beginning to understand and manipulate DNA, the basic stuff of heredity.

Eventually, the awe of science overcame the indifference toward it. As Lewis Thomas explains, "The more that is learned about nature, particularly the puzzling aspects—the queernesses being uncovered by the physicists, for example—the more engrossing it becomes." Adds Asimov: "We feel that if we do not understand science and the changes science makes possible, we may find ourselves overwhelmed."

In a turnabout as sudden as some of the scene shifts in *Cosmos*, ennui has turned into enthusiasm. Public curiosity about science, if not financial support of it, seems to be rocketing upward. Some signs: the New York *Times* has created a special weekly section to report the news of science, and other newspapers have expanded their science staffs and coverage. Some half a dozen new mass-market science magazines have been launched within the past few years, the most recent being Time Inc.'s new monthly DISCOVER. There is a growing readership for books on scientific topics, as opposed to those on such pseudoscientific hokum as UFOs, astrology and parapsychology.

Television's interest grew too. In the early 1970s, PBS began importing BBC science specials, like Nigel Calder's programs on astronomy, physics, the new biology. In 1974, one of the PBS stations, WGBH in Boston, took the plunge with its own *Nova* series. Now, counting *Nova*, Sagan's *Cosmos*, and Miller's *Body*, PBS is running seven separate science series.

The commercial networks long gave science short shrift, except when it came to moon landings or *Mr. Wizard*–like kiddie shows. Now they too are moving into expanded coverage. ABC has a possible science series for next year, an offshoot of *20/20* tentatively titled *Quest*. At CBS, programmers are considering whether to give Walter Cronkite's *Universe*, an occasional half-hour science news show that has got a moderately good reception, a regular evening time slot. One factor that will surely affect the decision: the response of viewers to Sagan's *Cosmos*.

Playing the part of pacesetter is nothing new to Sagan. While growing up in Brooklyn's Bensonhurst section, the son of a U.S.-born mother and a Russian-immigrant father—a garment cutter who rose to factory manager—he was already thinking of the heavens while other children were preoccupied with stickball and marbles. He recalls: "I remember seeing the stars and asking my friends what they were. They told me that they were 'lights in the sky.' "

Unsatisfied, Sagan went off to the library and asked for a book on the stars. The librarian gave him one on the Hollywood variety: Jean Harlow and Clark Gable. When he finally got the right book,

Technicians touch up a model of the great library in Alexandria for Sagan's "visit"

Matching a talent for experimentation with a surprising gift for exposition.

A visit by Sagan to his old Brooklyn school, P.S. 101, for a talk on astronomy

he learned that the stars were enormously distant suns. "This just blew my mind. Until then, my universe had been my neighborhood. Now I tried to imagine how far away I'd have to move the sun to make it as faint as a star. I got my first sense of the immensity of the universe, I was hooked."

The hook worked its way in deeper when Carl also stumbled into science fiction. He was especially taken with the Martian tales of Edgar Rice Burroughs, who wrote of sensuous princesses, six-legged beasts of burden, evil warlords and a Virginia gentleman named John Carter, who miraculously transported himself to the Red Planet simply by gazing at it. The dark-eyed youngster, looking up at the night sky from a Brooklyn lot, tried vainly to follow his hero into space. It was a dream that Sagan has never forgotten. Phobos, the name of one of the moons of Mars, now appears on the license plates of Sagan's bright orange Porsche.

It was not until the Sagan family moved to Rahway, N.J., that Carl realized he actually could become a professional astronomer. All along he had felt he might have to go into the clothing business with his father, perhaps as a salesman. But his high school biology teacher assured him that astronomers, like the famous Harlow Shapley, were really paid for their work. In 1951, at 16, he entered the University of Chicago on a scholarship. Nine years later, he left with a Ph.D. in astronomy and astrophysics.

During his undergraduate years at Chicago, Sagan spent some summers breeding fruit flies in the Indiana University laboratory of the famed geneticist Hermann Muller, who won a Nobel Prize for showing that X rays could cause mutations. It was ideal training for an astronomer who would become the premier spokesman for exobiology. He also showed early gifts as a popularizer. He organized a highly successful campus lecture series on science, characteristically including himself as one of the speakers; some faculty members dismissed it as "Sagan's circus," but it drew S.R.O. crowds.

Even at that stage of Sagan's career, some of his professors detected rebelliousness in him, a penchant for shunning the work at hand in order to explore other interests. Recalls Physicist Peter Meyer, who is now director of Chicago's Enrico Fermi Institute: "He told me he would rather spend time with problems in astronomy than go through the hardships of classical physics." Today Meyer concedes that it is precisely this restlessness of intellect that enables Sagan to see the broader picture, letting him point out, for example, where biology and chemistry converge with astronomy. Says another scientist: "Sagan can separate the momentous from the minute. He can tell the story without cluttering detail."

Still, for all his extracurricular interests, including a young biologist named Lynn Alexander whom he would shortly marry, Sagan was a highly productive researcher. As always, he was iconoclastic. Although most astronomers were studying the more distant realms of the stars and galaxies, Sagan opted for the nearby planets, under the tutelage of the late Gerard Kuiper. He realized that planets were the most likely places for extraterrestrial life to be found in his lifetime. He also anticipated that the U.S. would soon embark on an ambitious program of planetary exploration. At a party just before Sputnik I spurred American space activity, Sagan made a perspicacious wager: he bet a case of chocolate bars that the U.S. would reach the moon by 1970. He won with five months to spare.

Sagan published his first paper at 22. Its title was an echo from his days with Muller and a sign of his growing interest in exobiology: "Radiation and the Origin of the Gene." A key point was that radiation may have been the trigger for the combination of the first DNA molecules. Eventually some 300 more papers would follow, including a particularly brilliant bit of deduction about the planet Venus. At the time, many scientists still regarded Venus as a kind of sister planet of the earth with a benign climate. But radio emissions from the planet were hinting at puzzlingly high temperatures. Sagan pointed out that a Venusian atmosphere of carbon dioxide and water vapor would trap solar heat, create a "greenhouse effect" and raise surface temperatures far above those of the earth. His prediction was soon confirmed by Soviet landers. The planet's surface temperature proved to be about 480° C (900° F), high enough to melt lead.

In 1960, Sagan headed for the University of California at Berkeley, where he spent two years as a research fellow;

A rousing lecture to some graduate students on home turf

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he insisted on taking a turn at teaching a class, even though the terms of his contract did not require it. At the Stanford University School of Medicine he delved into the origins of life. Then he went off to teach and do research at Harvard and the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory in Cambridge, Mass.

Collaborating with his first graduate student, James Pollack, he offered a novel explanation for the periodic lightening and darkening of parts of Mars' surface. Some scientists had suggested that the changes were due to seasonal variations in plant life. Sagan and Pollack argued that the fluctuations were varying dust patterns kicked up by winds of ferocious force. Years later, closeup photos of Mars confirmed their thesis.

At Harvard, Sagan was a highly popular lecturer, talking about such things as UFOs (he debunked them) and the idea of extraterrestrial life (he promoted it). He was divorced from Lynn (after two children, Dorian, now 21, and Jeremy, 19) and married to Linda Salzman, an artist. His career appeared to be taking off. But in spite of his professional flair, Harvard never offered him tenure. So, in 1968, when Cornell University beckoned with an offer to set up a laboratory of planetary studies, he promptly accepted it and moved to rural Ithaca, N.Y.

Even Sagan's scientific friends acknowledge that he does not have the patience or persistence for the slow, painstaking experimentation and data collection that is at the heart of the scientific process. Nor has he come close to the kind of breakthrough work that wins Nobel Prizes. But he more than compensates with other significant talents. He has a penchant for asking provocative questions. Sometimes, as Sagan fully concedes, this can rile others. But such prodding can inspire students and colleagues, lead to brilliant new insights and generally create a mood of intellectual excitement.

At Sagan's Cornell laboratory, one of the main objectives was to try to unravel

A Gift for Vividness

Carl Sagan, says one of his colleagues at Cornell, "is very often right and always interesting. That is in contrast to most academics, who are always right and not very interesting." In his books or off the cuff, on the lecture platform or sitting across from Johnny Carson, Sagan has a distinctive gift for expressing scientific notions vividly and with infectious enthusiasm. A sampler of the sayings of Sagan:

On Scientific Method. In a way, science might be described as paranoid thinking applied to nature: we are looking for natural conspiracies, for connections among apparently disparate data.

On Materialism. I am a collection of water, calcium and organic molecules called Carl Sagan. You are a collection of almost identical molecules with a different collective label. But is that all? Is there nothing in here but molecules? Some people find this idea somehow demeaning to human dignity. For myself, I find it elevating that our universe permits the evolution of molecular machines as intricate and subtle as we.

On Skepticism. Skeptical scrutiny is the means, in both science and religion, by which deep insights can be winnowed from deep nonsense.

On Public Ignorance of Science. We have a society which is built on science and technology and which uses science in every one of the interstices of national life, and in which the public, the executive, the legislative and the judiciary have very little understanding of what science is about. That is a clear disaster signal. It has to be suicidal.

On Science Fiction. [It] does very well in attracting youngsters to science but not in sustaining that attraction. Over the years, science fiction has become less and less intriguing to me. It turns out that science itself is much more subtle and intricate, with the added virtue of being true.

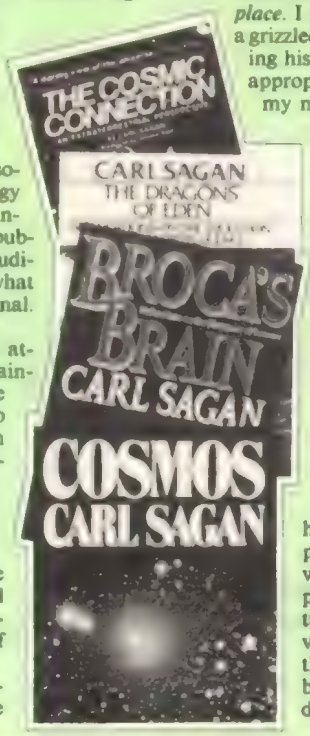
On the Impact of Space Photos. Many of the leaders of the ecological movement in the U.S. were originally stimulated to action by photographs of earth taken from space —pictures revealing a tiny, delicate and fragile world, exquisitely sensitive to the depredations of man, a meadow in the middle of the sky.

On Natural Selection. Evolution is adventitious and not foresighted. Only through the deaths of an immense number of slightly maladapted organisms are we, brains and all, here today.

On the Right to Life. [This] is an excellent example of a "buzz word," designed to inflame rather than illuminate. There is no right to life in any society on earth today, nor has there been at any former time (with a few rare exceptions, such as among the Jains of India). We raise farm animals for slaughter; destroy forests; pollute rivers and lakes until no fish can live there; hunt deer and elk for sport ... All these beasts and vegetables are as alive as we.

On Funding for Research. Without vigorous, farsighted and continuing encouragement of scientific research, we are in the position of eating our seed corn: we may fend off starvation for one more winter, but we have removed the last hope of surviving the following winter.

On the Planet Mars. I remember being transfixed by the first lander image to show the horizon of Mars. This was not an alien world, I thought. I knew places like it in Colorado and Arizona and Nevada. There were rocks and sand drifts and a distant eminence, as natural and unself-conscious as any landscape on earth. Mars was a *place*. I would, of course, have been surprised to see a grizzled prospector emerge from behind a dune leading his mule, but at the same time the idea seemed appropriate. Nothing remotely like it ever entered my mind in all the hours I spent examining the [Soviet] Venera 9 and 10 images of the Venus surface. One way or another, I knew, this was a world to which we would return.



On Black Holes. [They] are beasts akin to the smile on the Cheshire Cat. They are enormous stars that have winked out, but are still there, peppering the galaxy like the holes in an Emmenthaler cheese.

On Extraterrestrial Life. There is an old story about the Biology I examination in which the students were asked: "Suppose you could take to Mars any of the laboratory equipment used in this course. How would you determine if there were life on Mars?" One famous response: "Ask the inhabitants. Even a negative answer would be significant." The student got an A.

On the Significance of Man. As long as there have been humans we have searched for our place in the cosmos. Where are we? Who are we? We find that we live on an insignificant planet of a humdrum star lost in a galaxy tucked away in some forgotten corner of a universe in which there are far more galaxies than people. We make our world significant by the courage of our questions and by the depth of our answers.

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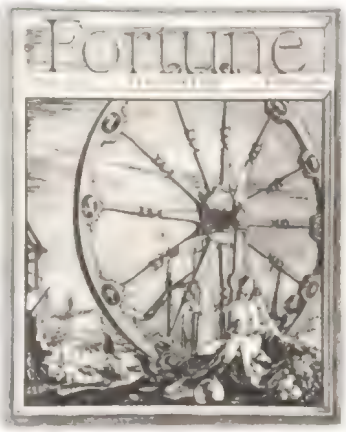

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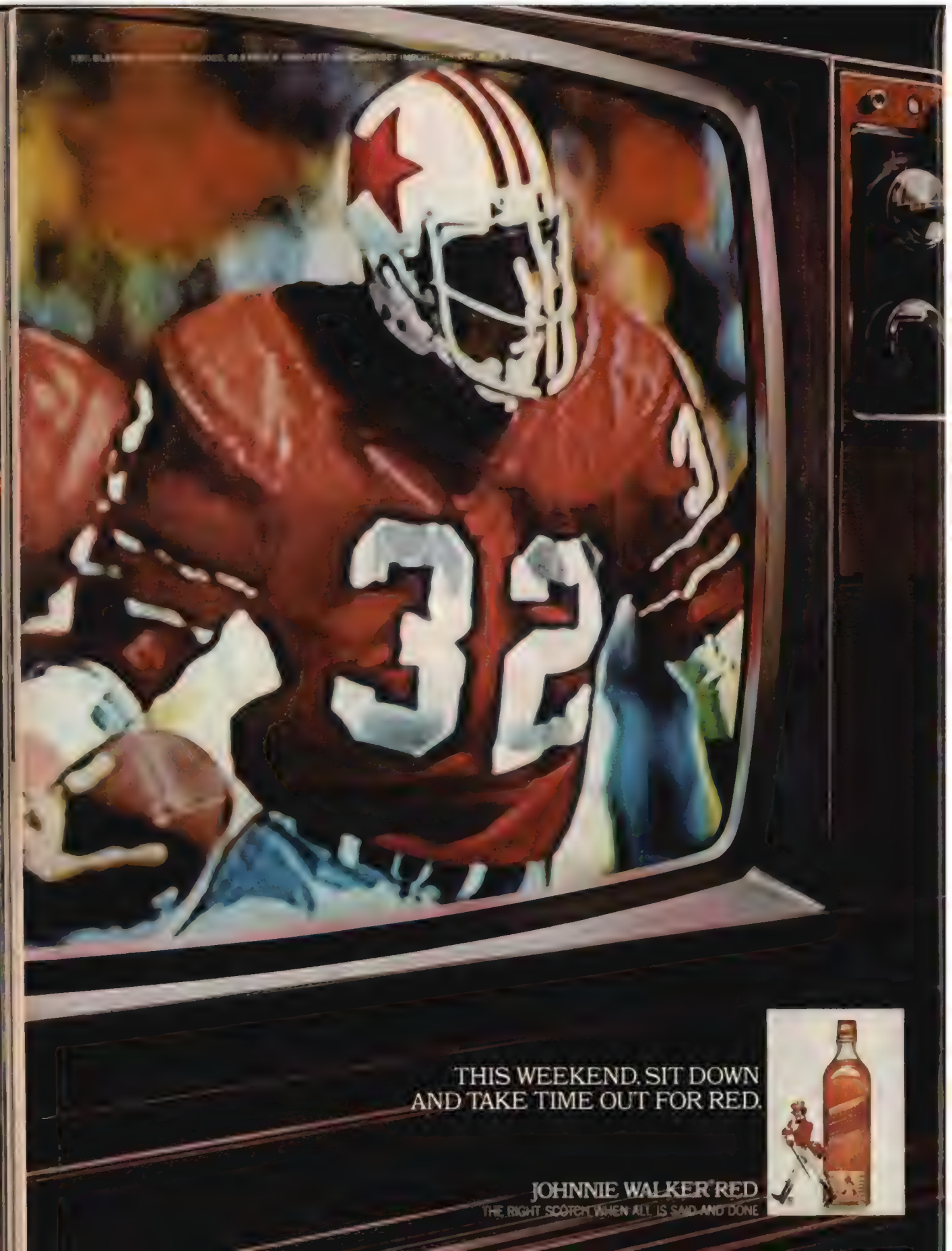

32
THIS WEEKEND. SIT DOWN
AND TAKE TIME OUT FOR RED.
JOHNNIE WALKER RED
THE RIGHT SCOTCH WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE

the mystery of how the building blocks of life—amino acids, proteins and DNA—could have evolved on the primordial earth. Although he and the Russian astrophysicist I.S. Shklovskii lived half a world apart, they collaborated in writing *Intelligent Life in the Universe*, still probably the best treatise on the prospects for extraterrestrial life. As a planetary expert, Sagan was called upon by NASA to act as an adviser and scientific investigator on unmanned space missions. He did not always endear himself to the space agency. One irritant was his outspoken opposition to the moon landings. Robots, he argued, could do the job better and cheaper and with no risk to life.

In 1973, during a brief appearance on the *Tonight* show to promote *Cosmic Connection*, his first really popular book, he so impressed Host (and astronomy buff) Johnny Carson that he was soon invited back, for a choicer spot on the show. That second appearance gave Sagan a chance to tell the story of the evolution of the universe and the beginnings of life in his inimitable cadences: "Fifteen billion years ago, the universe was without form. There were no galaxies, stars or planets. There was no life. There was darkness everywhere." When Sagan's soliloquy ended, said a reviewer, 100,000 teen-age listeners must have vowed on the spot to become astronomers. One thing is certain: Sagan captivated Carson, who kept inviting him back for further appearances. Indeed he became such a frequent guest that students would greet his return to the Ithaca lecture halls with a mock *Tonight* show–type introduction: "He-e-e-re's Carl!"

Yet even without Carson's patronage, Sagan's public star would surely have risen. Just before NASA sent off its twin Pioneers 10 and 11 to Saturn and Jupiter, he had persuaded the space agency to attach plaques identifying the ships' origins on the remote chance that they might be intercepted when they finally passed out of the solar system. The idea was a triumph over bureaucratic caution. The plaques, drawn by Linda, depicted nude male and female earthlings, and provoked worldwide comment.

For Sagan these overtures to anyone out there were equally important as signals to earth. They are part of what he calls cosmic consciousness-raising, his attempt to alert earthlings to the excitement and wonder of the universe. It was just such consciousness-raising that first stirred thoughts in Sagan's mind of doing a television program on space exploration.

Back in 1971, the Mariner 9 spacecraft had just become the first ship from earth to orbit another planet. The target was Sagan's old favorite, Mars. In less than a year of reconnaissance, the robot accumulated more information about the Red Planet than had been gathered in three centuries of earlier observation from earth. Yet to Sagan's chagrin, the feat was virtually ignored by American television. Four years later, the even more spectacular Viking landings on Mars were again all but ignored. Sagan decided something had to be done. Joining up with an equally dismayed colleague at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, B. Gentry Lee, Sagan sought sponsors for a TV film on space exploration. What they ended up with was an agreement with KCET, the Los Angeles PBS station, for an even bigger project: a full science series somewhat like Jacob Bronowski's acclaimed *The Ascent of Man*, with Sagan as guide and principal author. *Ascent's* British producer, Adrian Malone, was even recruited to ride herd on the enterprise.

That was no easy job. Inevitably, there were disagreements, some over scientific accuracy, others involving personality. Sagan, a novice at TV production, admits that he ruffled feelings among the TV staff with his constant questioning. There were logistical problems. A severe snowstorm hit Death Valley just before the *Cosmos* team was scheduled to re-enact a Viking landing. A few miles away, the U.S. Air Force was conducting bomb runs. In addition, word came that Sagan's father had developed lung cancer. Over the ten months of illness that led up to his father's death, Carl frequently had to be away from the filming for days at a time.

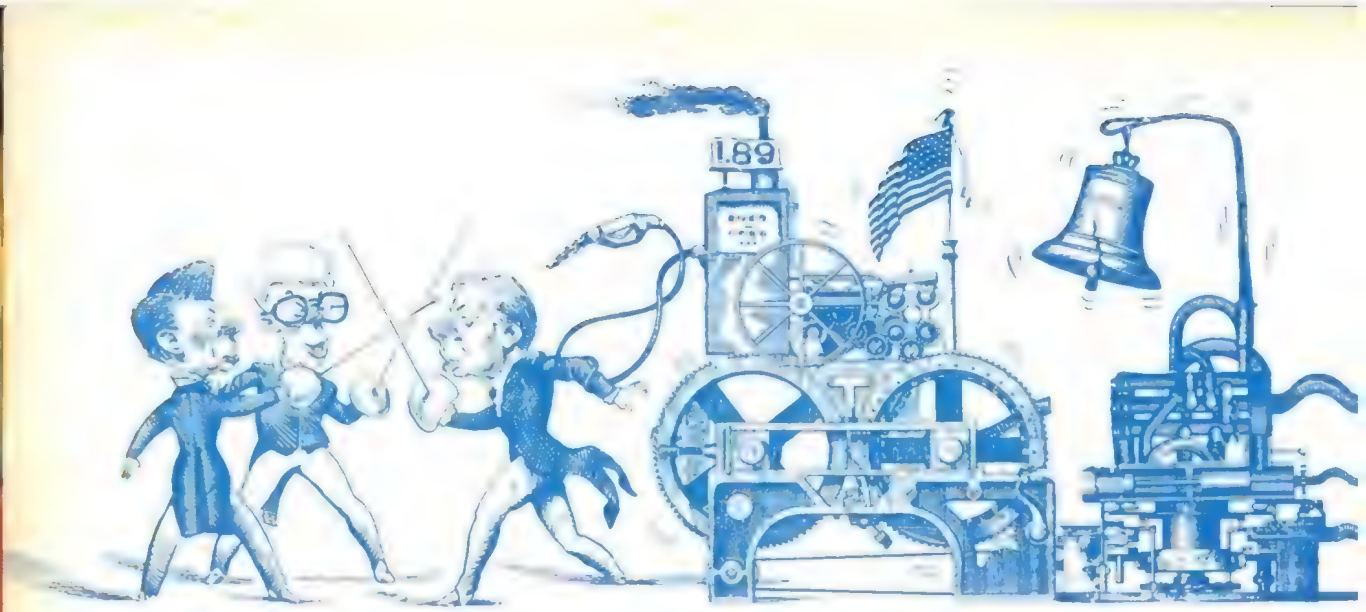
There were other changes in Sagan's life during this period. He separated from his wife Linda, leaving her and their son Nicholas, 10, behind in Ithaca. He moved to Los Angeles with a New York novelist named Ann Druyan, 31, who had been collaborating with him on a record of terrestrial photographs and sounds (*Murmurs of Earth*) for placement aboard the Voyager spacecraft, as well as helping him with the *Cosmos* script. After Sagan's divorce, they hope to marry.

Having discovered the excitement of show business, Sagan is eager to continue in it. Says he: "Television is one of the greatest teaching tools ever invented, particularly for teaching science." One project on tap is a feature film with a scenario by Sagan (but no acting role for him), about an encounter with extraterrestrial life. The tentative title: *Contact*. It may be a while, however, before that adventure goes before the cameras. After a two-year absence, Sagan is due to resume teaching and research at Cornell in January. He must also straighten out his divorce proceeding, which now threatens to become a court battle over the division of property (Sagan has retained flamboyant "palimony" Lawyer Marvin Mitchelson). Finally, he professes a desire to go back to research, at least part time, something that he has found virtually impossible to pursue with his multiplying interests.

The *Cosmos* crew in Monterey, Calif., filming episode on the persistence of memory

A growing respect for the truly scientific as opposed to the hokum of UFOs and astrology

Watching with wonder—and no doubt a little envy—the whirling star named Sagan, some of his colleagues feel that he has stepped beyond the bounds of science. They complain that he is driven by ego. They also say he tends to overstate his case, often fails to give proper credit to other scientists for their work and blurs the line between fact and speculation. But they probably represent a minority view. Most scientists, increasingly sensitive to the need for public support and understanding of research, appreciate what Sagan has become: America's most effective salesman of science. His pitch in *Cosmos*—and indeed in all his popularizing—is classic Sagan. Says he: "Science is a joy. It is not just something for an isolated, remote elite. It is our birthright." What scientist could disagree? ***—By Frederic Golden. Reported by Peter Stoler/Venice, Calif.***



Economy & Business

The Great 1980 Non-Debate

Voters tune out on a confused election discussion of the U.S. economy

"It is as though they were playing ring-around-reality. We know that there are big problems that demand solutions, so how come the candidates don't?" So muses Claudia Wells, 29, a secretary in Charleston, S.C., and her puzzlement is hardly unique. As Campaign '80 moves into its final three weeks, the discussion of the U.S.'s pressing economic problems has become a fractious and cantankerous presidential non-debate that is informing no one and confusing voters everywhere.

Is Ronald Reagan's "supply-side" economics—a strategy to boost economic growth by stimulating business production rather than fostering private consumption—a better way to fight inflation than Jimmy Carter's "economic revitalization" program? Is Reagan's 10% income tax cut more inflationary than Carter's 8% income tax credit on 1981 Social Security taxes? Is John Anderson right in arguing that a tax cut of any sort is not proper without a balanced budget?

To the millions of people who find their incomes squeezed, their life-styles crimped and even their livelihoods threatened by the wrenchings of the economy, such questions often seem irrelevant. As a result, voters are either tuning out or nodding off. Complains California Computer Engineer Joseph Pisaniello: "I'm not convinced by Carter's act on the economy, but I don't know whether Reagan will do any better. I don't know much about Anderson at all. I guess I'm turned off by all three of them."

To Carole Johnson, 32, married and the mother of two, who supplements her family income by driving a taxi in Boston, the prime concern of the election season is not the fine points of energy policy, or even the wisdom of John Anderson's call for a 50¢-per-gal. gasoline tax, but how to pay this winter's heating-oil bill. Meanwhile, Roger Christensen, an Ogden, Iowa, hog farmer, finds wild gyrations in interest rates to be his trouble. He finances poultry, pork and corn production with variable interest rate bank loans, and consequently no longer knows what his overhead will be from one season to the next. Says he: "I don't think the average voter can understand the economy, and I certainly don't have the solutions. But no candidate is even addressing that issue."

Many of the candidates' problems in catching public attention stem from the sheer unpredictability of the economy itself. Reasoned debate on economic policy can be confusing even under the best of circumstances, yet it is hard to imagine conditions less suited to a sensible and informed discussion than the chaotic ones that currently prevail. In little more than eight months' time, the nation's topsy-turvy economy swung in sequence from runaway inflation and exploding interest rates to supertight money and soaring unemployment. Then interest rates plunged, money became easier and inflation declined. Now, just as abruptly, a quicksilver change is occurring in the course of all three. Laments Los Angeles Attorney John Maller: "People don't understand the economy. Even the economists don't understand it. I don't have any confidence that any of the candidates would make a whale of a difference. None of them sounds too good to me."

Not only does the economy itself seem to lurch about capriciously with each new barrage of statistics, but the candidates themselves seem just as mercurial. By constantly maneuvering to broaden their appeal, they run the risk of appearing to lack any real substance in their positions at all. Says Jim Harrington, 48, a gasoline-station owner in Burlington, Mass.: "The thing that bothers me the most about all the economic talk is that the candidates seem to be contradicting one another and then agreeing with one another at the same time." Adds Gerald Engel, a county supervisor in Milwaukee: "I ignore what the candidates are saying on the key issues, since they change their positions from day to day."

That was hardly the mood in which the campaign began last winter. With inflation nearing 20% and consumers embarked on a borrow-and-spend binge that threatened to drive prices still higher, voters told pollsters that inflation and unemployment were their main concerns. At that time Carter was determined to damp down runaway prices by the classic medicine of conservative

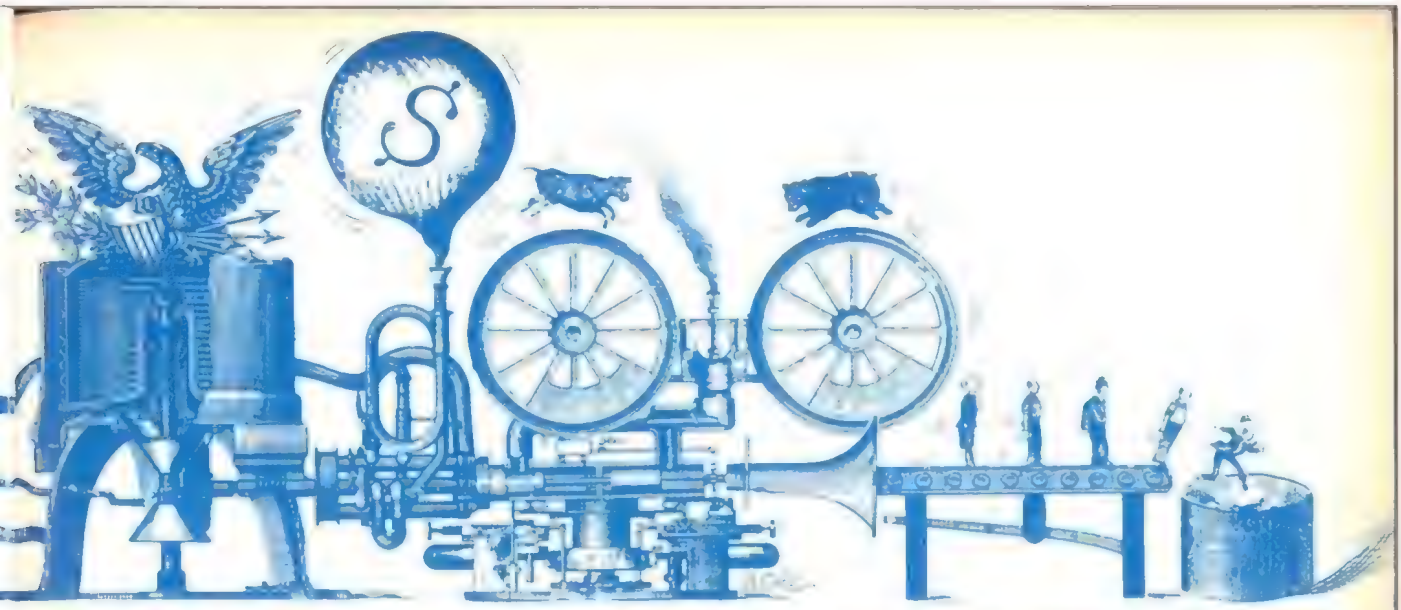


Illustration for TIME by Michael C. Witte

economics: tighten up on the money supply, cut federal spending and, if necessary, push the economy into recession. By contrast, Reagan strode boldly into the campaign proclaiming the virtues of "supply-side" economics and proposing large tax cuts to restore the profit incentive. He argued that this would push up business investment and productivity without slowing down growth and tossing people out of work.

In practice, neither Reagan nor Carter has been willing to stand by the implications of his policies, and the result has been a campaign of quarrelsome backpedaling. Complains Beverly Hills Pharmacist Ted Buchalter: "The whole debate stinks. Instead of saying what they plan to do, they just keep knocking each other all the time and screaming about what the other guy didn't do."

Reagan had initially fashioned his economic strategy around the controversial proposal of conservative Economist Arthur Laffer that steep tax cuts would stimulate growth, lead to even larger tax receipts for Government later and thereby actually reduce the federal deficit instead of increasing it. Thus the Republican candidate has supported the Kemp-Roth bill, which would cut income taxes by 30% over the next three years.

Under pressure from both Carter and more moderate Republicans, Reagan has moved toward a less radical economic position. He no longer argues that the tax cuts would not reduce Government revenue. Yet he still calls for a substantial 1981 reduction of $31.5 billion in income taxes for individuals and about $5 billion more in relief for corporations.

Carter has also performed his share of economic legerdemain. With unemployment rocketing upward all spring, he began to distance himself from his own policies that had led to the downturn in the first place. As the election moves closer, Carter has found the Federal Reserve Board to be a convenient scapegoat. Though the Board is dominated by his own appointees, Carter is blaming it for the high interest rate policy that he himself earlier supported. In August Carter unfurled his version of supply-side economics, a plan to "revitalize" American industry in order to boost productivity via a series of tax cuts. He advocates a $6.2 billion reduction of personal taxes to offset the increases in Social Security taxes that are due to take place next January. He also favors about $13 billion in assorted investment aid to businesses.

Though they have ostensibly similar goals, the programs of Carter and Reagan are actually quite different. Of the two, Carter is far more cautious about how far he is willing to go in cutting taxes to stimulate growth. Some critics charge that, in the current inflationary climate, the Reagan tax cuts would push prices up even faster. Warns Economist Jagdish Bhagwati of Columbia University: "If one argues that budget deficits are a major source of inflation, then, paradoxically, I would be much more worried about inflation if the Republicans came to power rather than the Democrats."

The programs of the two leading candidates also differ with respect to the roles they provide for the Federal Government in the economy. Carter is much more willing to have the Government enter into the marketplace in order to get unproductive, ailing industries back on their feet. Toward that end, he has appointed an advisory board of business, labor and Government leaders to recommend specific revitalization steps, and calls for special tax breaks to companies that are struggling to stay in business. Reagan, on the other hand, has urged less Government involvement throughout the economy.

John Anderson's positions are even less clear than those of the two leading candidates. His proposal for a 50¢-per-gal. gasoline tax has not been mentioned much lately. Anderson argues against any tax reductions until the federal budget is first brought into balance. As a measure of fiscal responsibility, his position is sound. But taxes will rise next year by about $90 billion, as inflation pushes people into higher and higher income tax brackets and ever escalating Social Security taxes bite deeper and deeper into their take-home pay. That would help choke off any possible economic recovery by adding to the squeeze that inflation is already placing on consumer spending.

A President's economic advisers are important to the health of American business because they formulate the programs that the President advocates. At present it is unclear who might dominate economic policy in a second Carter Administration. Treasury Secretary G. William Miller, who has earned a reputation for bending easily with the political wind, is likely to remain. But Carter's chief economic adviser, Charles Schultze, has already said privately that he does not want to stay for a second term.

Ronald Reagan's economic brain trust, and presumably the leading officials in a Reagan Administration, are mostly strong conservatives who previously served in the Nixon and Ford Administrations. These include George Shultz, former Treasury Secretary and now vice chairman of Bechtel Corp.; Alan Greenspan, Ford's top economic aide and currently a private New York consultant; and Charls Walker, onetime Deputy Secretary of the Treasury and a powerful Washington lobbyist. Anderson's economic advisers are relative unknowns. His main aide is Robert Walker, a legislative assistant on his congressional staff.

With unemployment hovering at 7.5%, while the underlying rate of inflation begins to bottom out at the still very high level of 10%, the U.S. economy clearly needs help. But so far, the three candidates' cures are being largely ignored. The unwillingness of voters to pay attention illustrates clearly that the next President, whoever he may be, will encounter a corrosive public doubt about his ability to get hold of the economy and to put it right. *—By Christopher Byron. Reported by William Blaylock/Washington*

Investors Dream of Genes

Genentech, a pioneer in daring DNA research, goes public

The list of products by Genentech, a four-year-old San Francisco–based firm, reads like a cornucopia of blessings for mankind. It includes a hormone that may stimulate human growth, mass-produced human insulin that could reduce the cost of treating diabetes, and interferon (TIME, March 31), which may be used to treat everything from cancer to the common cold. Shares of Genentech are expected to go on sale soon on the over-the-counter market, and investors are queuing up to buy what some believe will be one of the strongest new issues of the '80s. A few brokers are already touting Genentech as the next Polaroid or Xerox. Says Financial Analyst Peter Smith of E.F. Hutton: "The expectations of the people doing research are mighty exciting. But for now we are selling sizzle —there is no steak around now."

President Robert Swanson (left) with modern alchemists in their San Francisco lab

The company produces a chemical cornucopia for ills from the common cold to cancer.

As Genentech itself states in its prospectus, the stock involves a high degree of risk. It is also likely to have a very high price-to-earnings ratio. The offering price is expected to be $25 to $30 per share, even though Genentech earned a meager 1¢ per share during the first half of 1980 for its private backers. The reason for all the excitement among analysts is that Genentech is one of four leading companies in the world doing recombinant-DNA research, a phenomenon that has had the scientific and investment communities elated for several years. Genentech is the first of the four firms to offer its stock to the investing public.

Recombinant DNA, or gene splicing, is a kind of modern alchemy. Scientists obtain DNA for a desired product, such as human insulin, and insert it into the DNA of a laboratory strain of a common intestinal bacterium. The bacterium, following directions from the new DNA, then produces the insulin. Scientists believe that the technique can be used to form a number of health-care, agricultural and industrial products more cheaply and easily than ever before (*see* MEDICINE).

There has been concern, however, over the safety of the new technique. At one point, researchers were so worried about the potential hazards of microbes' escaping from the laboratory and causing new illnesses that they formulated a set of safety guidelines to control experiments. These guidelines have been refined by the National Institutes of Health.

Genentech was founded in 1976 by Herbert Boyer, a biochemistry professor at the University of California at San Francisco and a pioneer in recombinant DNA, and Robert Swanson, a financier who finds backers for new companies. Almost immediately, the firm began announcing a series of breakthroughs. The first, in 1977, was the production of a brain hormone called somatostatin, which may be used to treat certain hormonal disorders. In 1979 the company developed thymosin alpha-1, which is now being tested by the National Cancer Institute for possible treatment of certain types of brain and lung cancer. Genentech's gross revenues have risen from $856,335 in 1978 to $3.5 million for the first half of this year.

With their success, Genentech's founders have also generated controversy in the scientific community. The company has worked closely with the University of California, sharing laboratory space and sometimes employees. When Genentech's manufacture of the human-growth hormone duplicated results published by university staff members, there were accusations that the company was secretly using the research. Genentech agreed last June to pay the university $350,000.

Other genetic-engineering companies have found large established firms to bankroll their research efforts rather than going to the stock market for capital. Berkeley-based Cetus, the oldest and largest of the firms, raised money by selling a microorganism it developed for penicillin production to Schering-Plough, a drug and cosmetic company. It also obtained backing from National Distillers & Chemical Corp. for a method to speed the manufacture of ethanol, which can be used with gasoline to make gasohol.

Genex Corp. of Rockville, Md., another fast-rising entry in the field, was founded three years ago by Molecular Biologist Leslie Glick and another professional raiser of venture capital, Robert Johnston. Though the company is secretive about its projects, Bristol-Myers revealed that Genex is working for it on the production of interferon.

Biogen S.A., which is based in Geneva, Switzerland, was the first firm to develop bacterial interferon. Founded in 1978, it is operated by a multinational board of directors and scientists. Schering-Plough last year invested $8 million in Biogen in return for exclusive worldwide manufacturing and sales rights to three of its products. Biogen has also found a second way to make interferon and is working on chemicals to cure foot-and-mouth disease, hepatitis and malaria.

Genentech, like the other major genetic-engineering firms, faces serious problems in profiting from its research. Obtaining approval for new products from the Food and Drug Administration is expensive and time-consuming. Notes Cetus President Peter Farley: "The lag time between discovery and marketing for a pharmaceutical product is five to 20 years." In addition, the four tiny DNA pioneers will be competing soon with such multinational giants as Du Pont, Upjohn and General Electric. Although the U.S. Supreme Court decreed this summer that new life forms could be patented, the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office has yet to rule on any of the 100 or so recombinant-DNA patents already submitted.

Thus while brokers are heralding the birth of a new growth stock, scientists are more circumspect. Says Walter Miller, a University of California researcher: "To buy stock in these companies right now would require an enormous leap of faith and an assumption about which company will be most successful." Nevertheless, investors are expected to rush to grab the first shares of Genentech. ■

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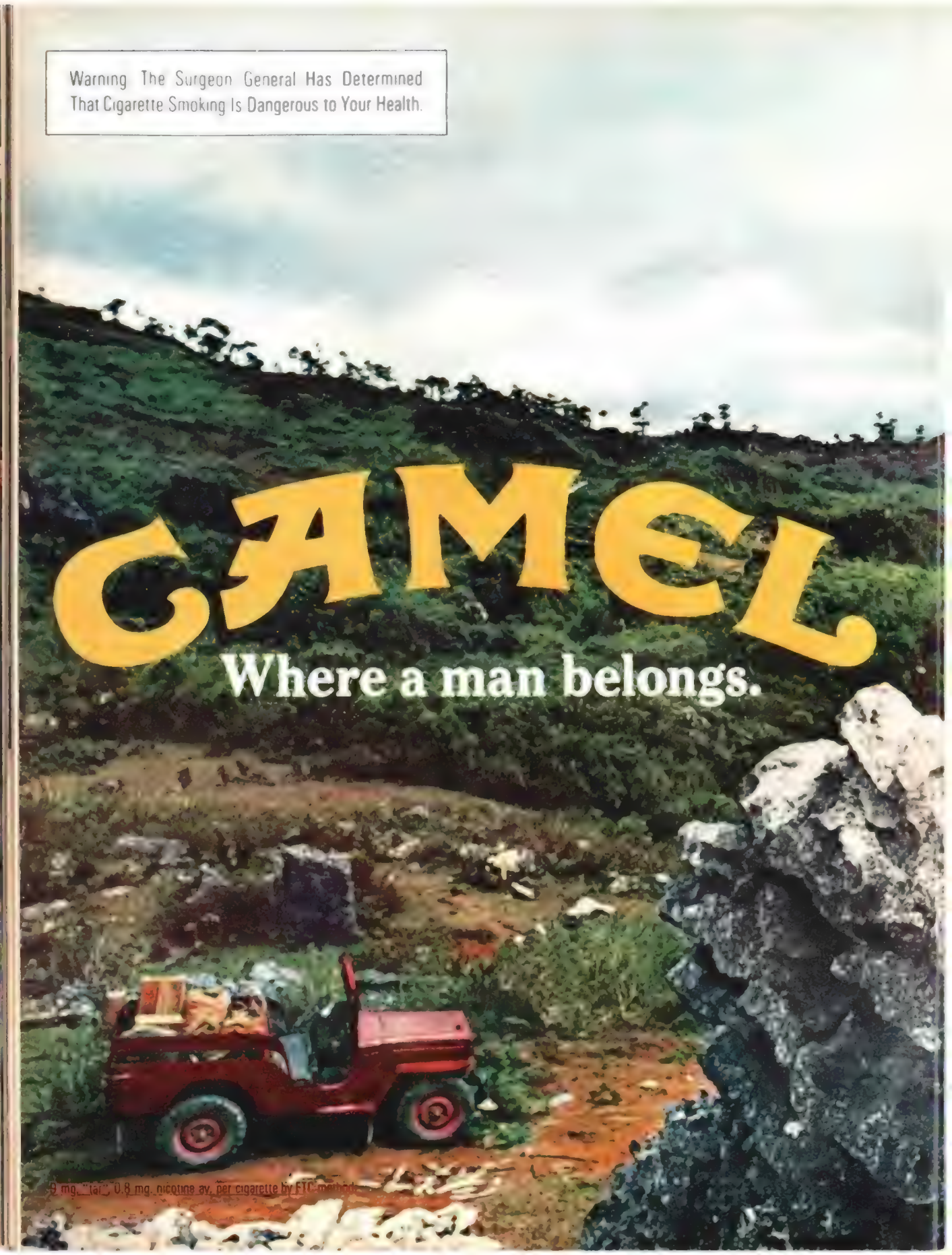
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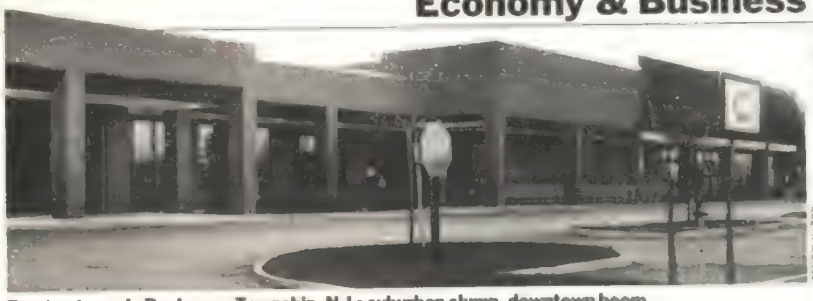


Empty stores in Rockaway Township, N.J.: suburban slump, downtown boom

Melancholy Mall

Shopping center slowdown

Suburban shopping malls long ago replaced Main Street as America's marketplace and Saturday hangout. Their covered walkways and shiny stores have provided both merchants and shoppers with what seemed an ideal environment. For more than 30 years they popped up along highways and in cornfields almost as fast as developers could build them.

No longer. This year, only about nine major regional centers are expected to open, compared with more than 20 in 1978. Says Albert Sussman, executive vice president of the International Council of Shopping Centers: "There has been a real slowdown. We have been running out of markets for development of new centers."

Mall builders recite a litany of woes. Choice locations are now hard to find, construction costs are rising rapidly, and fluctuating interest rates make financing both expensive and difficult to obtain. Because of local opposition, zoning regulations and environmental restrictions, the development of a new suburban mall now can take up to ten years, twice as long as in the 1960s. Says Mathias DeVito, president of the Rouse Co., one of the country's largest developers: "I doubt we will ever again see the kind of shopping center development that we saw after World War II."

The decline has been sharpest in the Northeast and Midwest. Says Thomas Klutznick, son of Commerce Secretary Philip Klutznick and head of a development subsidiary of the Aetna Life & Casualty insurance company: "In the Chicago area, growth is static. The demand for shopping centers has tapered off." Many regions have simply become saturated with shopping malls. And because of higher gasoline prices, people now plan buying expeditions more carefully. Thus they make fewer shopping trips, especially to outlying malls.

The decline in suburban developments, however, has been paralleled by a growth in downtown shopping centers, which often include restaurants and theaters as well as department stores. Boston's Faneuil Hall Marketplace has become a premier tourist attraction, and Baltimore's Harborplace had an estimated 10 million visitors during the first five weeks it was open. In Asheville, N.C., 100 old buildings in the downtown area will be demolished to make room for a new enclosed shopping mall.

Unlike some of their suburban counterparts, urban malls are often welcomed by public officials. In some cities, the centers can be built on cheap, underused land and will revitalize moribund downtown areas. Such services as sewer and water are already in place, and federal money is available for development. Boston last week won a $19 million urban-development package to help build the $373 million Copley Place. This new city mall will include two hotels, apartments, office space, specialty shops and ethnic restaurants in addition to the predictable shoe stores and record outlets.

For Americans who think they will never see anything as lovely as a suburban shopping center, there is still California. Gigantic malls continue to go up there as fast as retailers can say, "Stop and shop." Many of the centers are miniature cities, complete with libraries, museums and day care centers. For now, West Coast entrepreneurs hope that they can keep developing in the suburbs, while mall builders in many other parts of the country must focus more on downtown. ■

Tiffs on Trade

New tactics to fight imports

If you can't beat them, get them thrown out of the game. That seems to be the strategy adopted by the United Auto Workers against Japanese companies that this year have wrested away 21.5% of the U.S. car market. With 215,000 of its 1.1 million members out of work, the U.A.W. is pushing hard for new quotas and tariff barriers to block imports. At the same time, the union has mounted a nationwide campaign that pressures both the public and the politicians who control government purse strings to pass up fuel-thrifty Japanese models and buy American.

The U.A.W.'s efforts paid off last week in New Jersey. When the state's purchase and property division decided to buy 450 Datsun 210s because they were $700 per car cheaper than comparable American cars, autoworkers immediately strung picket lines around the statehouse in Trenton and demanded that the deal be quashed. On the second day of the protest, both houses of the legislature unanimously passed a hastily drafted bill to prohibit the state from buying any cars not assembled in the U.S.

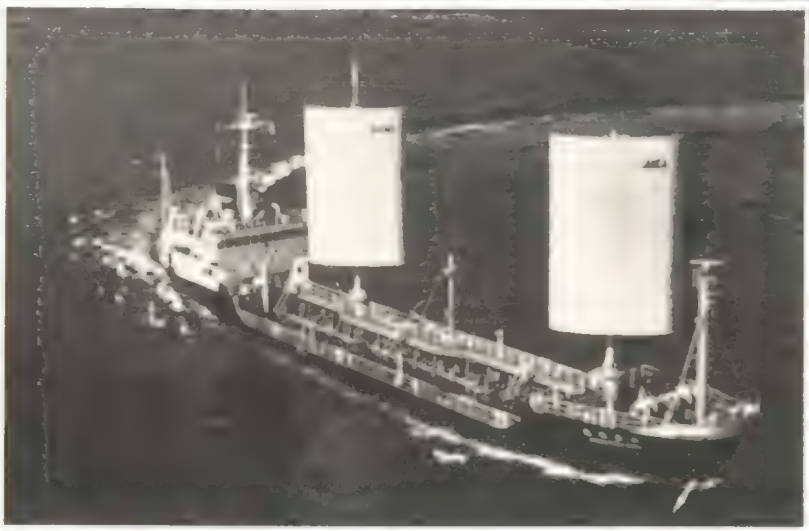
Political concerns for American autoworkers also found their way into the presidential campaign last week. First, Ronald Reagan urged the Carter Administration to speed up federal purchases of U.S.-made cars and trucks. After quick prodding from the White House, the General Services Administration announced that it would ask Congress for an extra $100 million to procure about 21,600 vehicles ahead of schedule. Moreover, the GSA said that the Government may stop buying Japanese pickup trucks.

The autoworkers, along with the Ford Motor Co., also protested against foreign cars last week in hearings before the U.S. International Trade Commission. The union and Ford demanded that the number of Japanese imports, now running about 2 million a year, be cut by a third and that the tariff on foreign cars be increased from 2.9% to 20%. Representatives of the Federal Trade Commission said that higher tariffs or limits on Japanese imports would cost U.S. consumers at least $3 billion a year while preserving at most 69,000 jobs for American autoworkers. The FTC estimates that those steps would raise the price of a $7,000 Japanese car in this country by at least $500. Fewer imports would also reduce competition and allow U.S. automakers to hike the prices of their vehicles.

The International Trade Commission will decide in late November whether or not imports have seriously damaged U.S. automakers. If it rules that they have, President Carter can then impose restrictions on foreign products. Such protectionism might give Detroit some temporary relief from tough competition, but that is not the way to cure the ills of the American auto industry. ■

Autoworkers picket New Jersey lawmakers

A hasty bill blocked a Datsun deal.



The Japanese tanker *Shin Aitoku Maru:* a 20th century clipper that moves at twelve knots

Riding the Wind

Back to the sea with sails

The 236-ft. Japanese tanker *Shin Aitoku Maru* looks like any other ship as it plies the Sea of Japan with a cargo of more than 11,000 bbl. of crude oil. But when the breeze comes up, a microcomputer unfurls a pair of rectangular canvas sails and aligns them to the wind. Stretched tight by rigid metal frames, the 40-ft. by 26-ft. sails resemble windmill paddles more than the billowing canvases of a windjammer. Yet the sails enable this 20th century clipper to move at speeds of up to twelve knots under wind power.

The Japanese tanker is no old salt's dream or a science fiction fantasy but a test vessel that was launched in August and is now undergoing sea trials. Other sailing cargo ships are also being designed or built in Great Britain, Belgium and California. The new move down to the seas in sailing ships has been stimulated by the high cost of oil. Although the *Shin Aitoku Maru* cost its backers, Shipbuilder Nippon Kokan (N.K.K.) and the Japan Marine Machinery Development Association, some 15% more to construct than a conventional tanker, it will use 50% less fuel than a regular cargo ship

Sailing ships have crisscrossed oceans since the Egyptians first ventured out into the Red Sea and the Mediterranean about 3000 B.C. But the last sail-powered cargo ship left the seaways in the 1950s. The development of diesel engines, cheap fuel, tight shipping schedules and the expense of large crews to handle the sails eventually ended the era of sailing cargo ships. But now the economics of transportation are changing. Marine engine fuel, which accounts for 25% to 30% of a ship's operating costs, has gone up over 400% in the past seven years.

The technology of wind-assisted transport ships is relatively simple. West German Engineer Wilhelm Prölss did major research on the subject in the mid-1960s, but his studies went unnoticed during a time of cheap energy. The new sailing ships are not entirely dependent upon wind, but rather use the breezes to cut down the work of the regular engines. Says Frank K. Schallenberger, who formed Dynaship Corp. to use Prölss's designs: "I don't see how it's possible for shipbuilders and shipowners to ignore sail-powered ships. Five percent of the world's oil supply is used to power ships."

The first new American sailing freighter will probably be the 450-ton *Patricia A.*, which California Entrepreneur Hugh Lawrence is modifying by adding wind power to its existing diesel power. The ship's captain will control the four 16-ft.- to 50-ft.-wide Dacron sails mechanically from the bridge. Lawrence expects to be using the 170-ft. freighter on Caribbean trade routes starting in April 1981.

■ ■ ■

High fuel costs are also spurring the return of lighter-than-air dirigibles. The British firm Airship Industries is developing a 600-ft. freight-carrying airship Unlike the ill-fated zeppelin *Hindenburg*, whose 1937 explosion at Lakehurst, N.J., doomed airship travel, the new dirigibles will be filled with inert, nonflammable helium rather than potentially dangerous hydrogen. Britain's Redcoat Cargo Airlines will take delivery of four of the $9.5 million skyships beginning in 1984. The airline claims that they will cost slightly less to operate than a jumbo jet and have 56% more cargo space. The airships, which will be powered by four 1,150 h.p. turboprop engines, will cruise at about 3,000 ft. They will have a top speed of 86 m.p.h. and be able to cross the Atlantic in 2 ½ days. As the price of energy keeps soaring, transport ships and dirigibles assisted by free air may be gliding gracefully back into popularity. ■

Bendix Battle

Mary Cunningham's farewell

It was a success story whose ending pleased no one. Three weeks ago, Bendix Chairman William Agee publicly denied that the promotion of attractive Mary E. Cunningham, 29, to vice president for corporate strategy had anything to do with "a personal relationship that we have." Far from scotching rumors that they were romantically involved, the announcement only put the spotlight on the two executives. Cunningham at first offered to take a leave of absence until the controversy cooled, but a committee consisting of six of Bendix's 15-member board of directors refused her request and asked her to stay on the job.

Last week, according to a source close to top Bendix management, members of the full board told Agee that Cunningham would have to go. The board includes such top business leaders as Burroughs Corp Chairman Paul S. Mirabito, G.D. Searle President and former Defense Secretary Donald H. Rumsfeld and Equitable Life Chief Executive Coy G. Eklund. Moreover, Agee himself came under fire from the board for his handling of the situation. Cunningham, thereupon, quickly stepped down and issued a statement that rumors "impaired my ability to carry out my responsibilities as a corporate officer of Bendix."

Younger women executives in the U.S. reacted, for the most part, angrily to the Cunningham resignation. Many said that Agee was at least equally responsible because he naively made executive romance a topic for public speculation. Others bitterly complained that the Bendix matter will make brains plus beauty a terrible handicap for a woman in business. Asked one New York adwoman: "Do you have to look like Gertrude Stein to get ahead?"

Cunningham and Agee

Many executives of both sexes scoffed at suggestions that the case was an innocent public relations gaffe. A male corporate attorney in Detroit firmly said: "There is not a 29-year-old in the country who is qualified to have risen as she did in only 15 months." And some women faulted Cunningham for not being more sensitive to the delicacies of being a female executive. Said Lynn Long, a vice president of Houghton Mifflin, the Boston publishers: "A woman executive can protect herself simply by exercising great discretion and being above reproach." Discretion, however, has not been a conspicuous commodity at Bendix in recent weeks. ■

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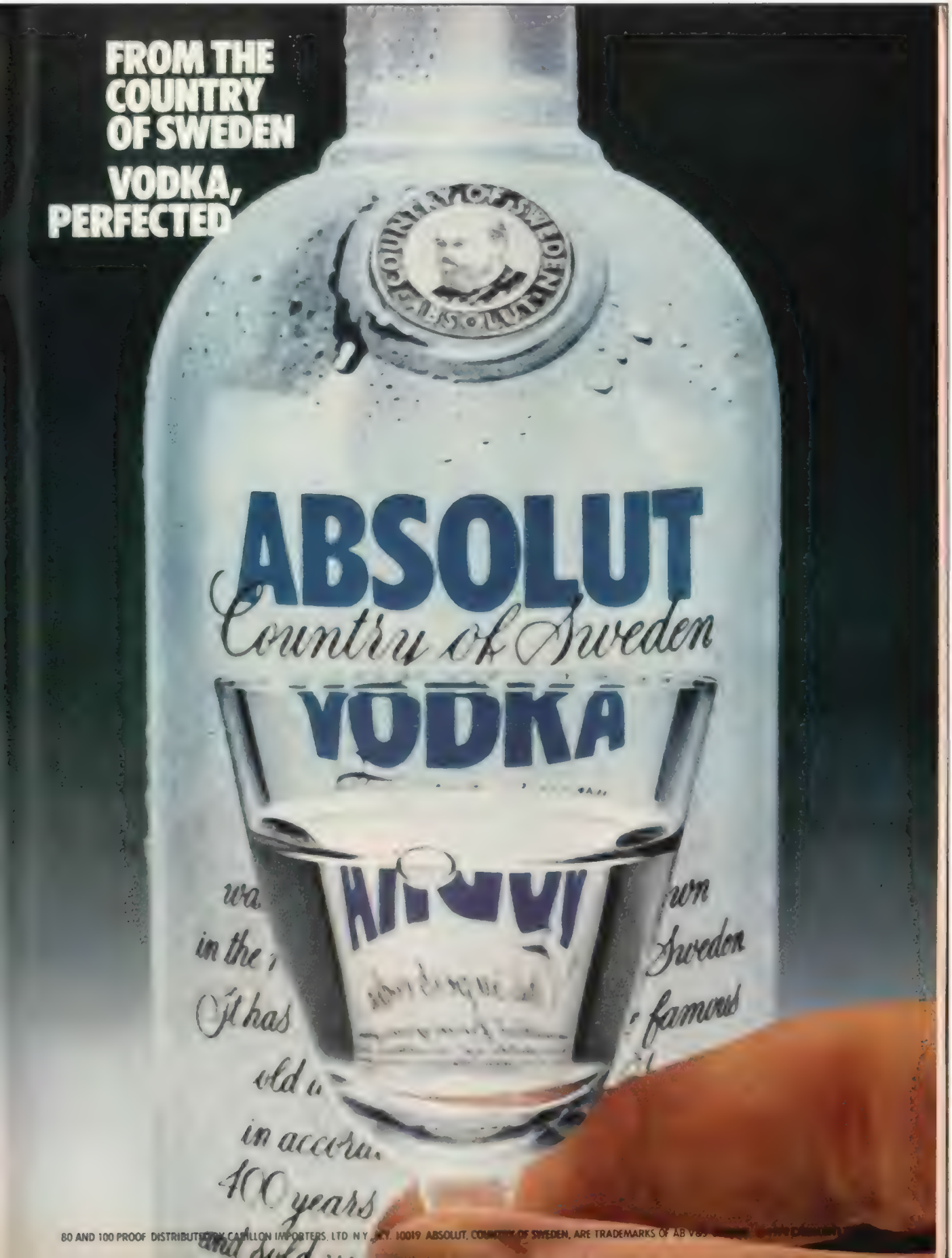
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Law

Richard Nixon's Tangled Web

The former President is snarled in costly lawsuits

Though Richard Nixon was never prosecuted for conspiracy or for obstruction of justice, thanks to his pardon from Gerald Ford, he has had a full share of legal problems to cope with. Since leaving office, he has been named defendant or sought as witness in 50 lawsuits—with no end in sight.

When a case involves Nixon's acts as President, the Justice Department is responsible for defending him, or paying private attorneys to do so. In either event, the taxpayer foots the bill. But in other civil cases, Nixon must fend for himself and pay for legal help. His estimated bill to date: nearly half a million dollars.

Some of the suits seem frivolous. A group calling itself PORN (Profits of Richard Nixon) charges that under a California law the former President is barred from making money as a result of his own misconduct in office. PORN is asking the court to turn over to the U.S. Treasury all of Nixon's profits from the $19.95-a-copy book, *RN, The Memoirs of Richard Nixon*. So far, Author Nixon has had to pay his California lawyers more than $30,000 fighting off PORN.

Other suits are of a more somber hue:

▸ The right to the tapes. Many Watergate tapes were turned over to the special prosecutor in 1974, and those played at the cover-up trial may be heard by the public at the National Archives. Despite the courts' refusal to respect Nixon's claim that presidential privilege automatically shields other Oval Office conversations from disclosure, Nixon so far has managed to keep secret the 113 tape segments sought by demonstrators arrested during the 1971 May Day protests. Nixon's attorneys maintain that the conversations are harmless. The ex-President, they say, is resisting "on principle."

▸ The FBI affair. It was understood that Nixon would help two former agency officials at their trial for authorizing Weatherman-related break-ins by testifying on their behalf. Now his participation is in doubt. Their case is going well, and they may not need help. Besides, the former President's lawyers feel an appearance would make it difficult to stave off future requests to bear witness.

▸ Immunity. The legal stakes for Nixon are highest in *Kissinger* vs. *Halperin*, a case that is expected to be argued before the Supreme Court in December. Plaintiff Morton Halperin, once a senior staff member at the National Security Council, has sued high Nixon Administration officials, and Nixon himself, for $1.26 million, claiming they violated his right to privacy by tapping his phone in search of news leaks. Nixon's defense: a President must be immune from lawsuits involving his official acts.

The private lawyers handling most of the cases for Nixon are Herbert Jack Miller, 56, and R. Stan Mortenson, 35. They charge their famous client up to $225 an hour, not unusual for accomplished legal help. Mortenson warns that if the Supreme Court fails to uphold the former President's position in *Halperin*, any President could be "fair game" in the future. Jimmy Carter, for example, could be sued by any Olympic athlete claiming his career had been blighted. That legal logic does not impress Bruce Ennis, the national legal director of the American Civil Liberties Union, which represents Halperin. No judge, he suggests, would allow a former President to be hauled into court unless the need were compelling. Ennis sees a different danger: "It is not proper for a President to be above the Constitution he swears to uphold." ■

Television

Video Venom

Are TV addicts healthy?

Does heavy television viewing pose a hazard to psychic health? That was the theme of *Being There*, the 1979 movie starring Peter Sellers as a man whose perceptions of reality were totally derived from the sex, violence and vacuity he saw on the tube. Social scientists have said that TV may have a role in inciting criminal behavior and have found near-constant viewers to be alienated types who find the world a scary place.

Now comes a defense of TV addicts. In a new study, Paul Hirsch, 34, a sociologist at the University of Chicago, argues that heavy watchers have nothing to fear. On the contrary, "non-viewers are consistently more fearful, alienated and prone to suicide than light TV viewers." Hirsch's primary objection to past research on the effects of TV is the heavy reliance it has placed on the number of hours people spend with their sets on. Using data compiled by the National Opinion Research Center in Chicago, Hirsch found that while housewives and retired folks rank high among those whose sets glow eight hours a day, the numbers tell nothing about how closely they watch or even why. Considering their frequent solitude, Hirsch suggests, TV "is probably more of a solution to their problems than a cause." Other students of TV's impact have also ignored a crucial human factor. Hirsch says: "The men in the white coats give viewers no credit for having personal experiences from which to draw moral significance."

As for those rare instances where TV violence has been shown to trigger crimes, Hirsch insists that the programs are not at fault, since they almost invariably conclude with the message that crime does not pay. "In most cases," he insists, "the viewer is intelligent enough to see the entire picture and realize it for the fantasy and entertainment it is."

Other researchers dispute Hirsch's study. George Gerbner, dean of the Annenberg School of Communications at the University of Pennsylvania and a leading theorist on TV's influence, calls it "interesting but flawed." Gerbner and his associates say that Hirsch misused statistics on TV watching from the National Opinion Research Center by basing his conclusions primarily on data about the heaviest and lightest viewers, who compose only 6% of those polled. Gerbner says that Hirsch is just "nibbling around the edges to discredit what is an ongoing study in the field." Perhaps the only firm conclusion possible now is that TV can indeed foster alienation, at least among social scientists. ■

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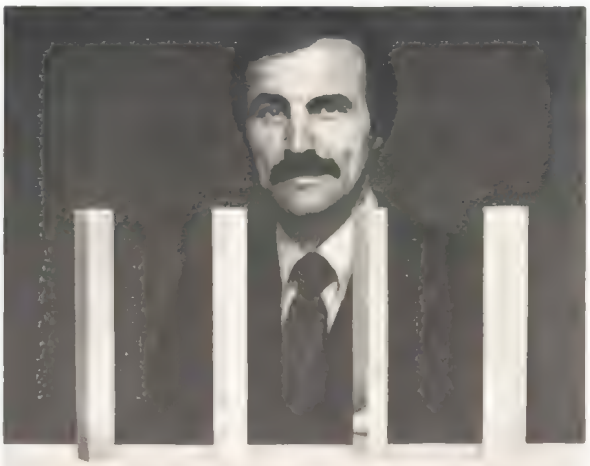

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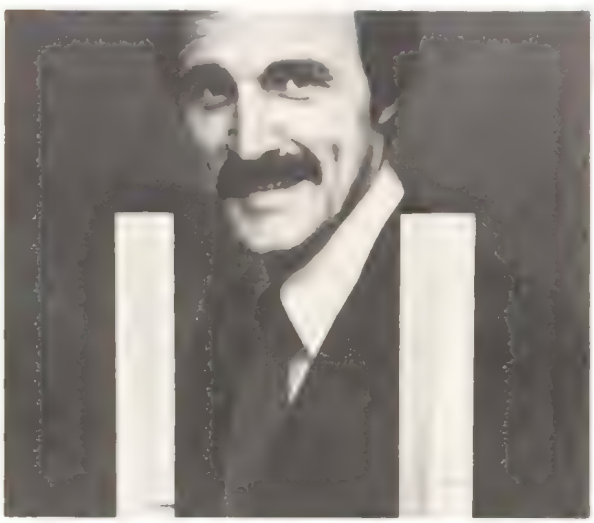

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Abandoned by passengers and crew after a fire roared out of control, the burning cruise ship drifts in the Gulf of Alaska

A Morning to Remember

The Prinsendam *fire kindles concern about safety at sea*

"Every day is a day of joy aboard the M.S. *Prinsendam*. Six passenger decks are devoted to the luxurious vacation life you expect, with an ambience of intimacy and charm." So begins a lavish illustrated brochure touting the pleasures of cruising to Alaska and the Orient aboard the Holland America Line's gleaming 426-ft. *Prinsendam*. Notes the pamphlet: "Your Dutch officers are dedicated to making every moment memorable."

For 320 passengers and about 200 crew members, the final moments of the *Prinsendam's* latest cruise were all too memorable. As the ship steamed through the Gulf of Alaska on a scheduled month-long voyage from Vancouver to Singapore, fire broke out. All of the people aboard clambered into lifeboats and were rescued, but not before some of them were tossed about in lifeboats by stormy 25-ft. waves for as long as 13 hours. At week's end, eight days after the fire first broke out, the still burning hulk of the *Prinsendam* sank, leaving behind a lifeboat to mark its place and several unsettling questions about the safety of the 65 ships that take hundreds of thousands of Americans on luxury cruises each year.

Most disturbing of all is the fact that the *Prinsendam*, built in 1973 at a cost of $27 million, conformed to the safety standards of the 1974 International Convention for the Safety of Life at Sea. The ship also met all Dutch standards, which are stricter than the international regulations on some matters. Just last May the *Prinsendam* passed a U.S. Coast Guard safety inspection.

Exactly what went wrong aboard the *Prinsendam* is to be determined by a Dutch investigation. Preliminary accounts indicate that a fuel line may have broken, causing diesel oil to spurt on hot pipes and burst into flames. The fire knocked out the electrical system, shutting down the fire-fighting pumps. Crewmen sprayed carbon dioxide from hand-held extinguishers, but could not keep the flames from spreading to other parts of the ship through an air shaft.

The ship's passengers were roused out of their rooms and onto the open decks at 1:30 a.m., most of them wearing only bathrobes and slippers. Under the shimmering northern lights, they listened to rousing renditions by the ship's chorus of *Oklahoma!* and other Rodgers and Hammerstein hits. Suddenly, around 6 a.m. bells rang, and Captain Cornelius Wabeke ordered: "Abandon ship!" With few exceptions, passengers and crew members went in an orderly fashion to their assigned lifeboats, as they had done during a practice drill three days earlier.

By the time the lifeboats dropped into the sea, three Coast Guard cutters and the 1,000-ft. U.S. supertanker *Williamsburgh* were headed for the *Prinsendam*, which by now was listing and billowing smoke. Cold and soaked with sea spray, some passengers kept up their spirits by singing *Row, Row, Row Your Boat* and *Show Me the Way to Go Home*. Recalled John Courtney, 69, a retired college art professor: "A lot of people were seasick, but there was no hysteria." By 9:30 a.m., helicopters began hoisting people from the lifeboats in baskets and ferrying them to the rescue vessels. Only a handful of passengers suffered any ill effects from the cold. Said Master Sergeant E.L. Nardi, an Air Force medic: "Eight hours later, we would have lost half of them."

Still, the success of the rescue did nothing to allay the concerns of experienced seamen. Said a U.S. maritime safety expert: "Something went wrong aboard that ship, something unnecessarily wrong." The *Prinsendam* was not equipped with a sprinkler system, but none was required because the ship was constructed with as few combustible materials as possible. It also had fire-resistant doors and insulated steel bulkheads. Maintained Gerrit Van Veen, technical director for Holland America Lines: "Even if the *Prinsendam* had a sprinkler system, I doubt whether this could have prevented the fire from spreading." Holland America officials contended that as the fire raged out of control, the *Prinsendam* performed superbly. The doors and bulkheads contained the blaze long enough to allow passengers to abandon ship. But the most disturbing question remains. If a fire can rage out of control on a ship supposedly as safe as the *Prinsendam*, is any cruise ship safe?

Of the 65 or so luxury liners that call at U.S. ports, few were built to standards as strict as those that governed the construction of the *Prinsendam*. The others were designed to meet earlier, less rigorous safety specifications and are registered in flag-of-convenience countries, such as Liberia and Panama, whose shipping regulations are not as stringent as those of The Netherlands and the U.S. Said a U.S. maritime official: "Their paint is fresh and they look nice, but a lot of them are floating firetraps."

By coincidence, the Federal National Transportation Safety Board last week issued a long-awaited report urging the Coast Guard to increase efforts "to improve fire safety on foreign cruise ships embarking American citizens at U.S. ports." The report was prepared as the result of a fire last year that destroyed the Italian ship *Angelina Laura* while it was docked at St. Thomas in the U.S. Virgin Islands. But some experts are calling for more decisive action. Said a U.S. maritime safety expert: "Somebody ought to force these foreign flag ships to meet at least the minimal fire safety standards of the U.S. The loophole that exempts them could cost hundreds of lives. —*By James Kelly. Reported by Jerry Hannifin/Washington and Gavin Scott/San Francisco*

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The devil promising fame and riches to the neurotic heroine of *Madame Adare*

Opera Is Still Alive in New York

Three new works by U.S. composers at Lincoln Center

At the Met, still closed by a labor dispute, all was dark, silent and desolate. But next door at Manhattan's Lincoln Center huge banners fluttered from the balcony of the New York State Theater: NEW YORK CITY OPERA—WHERE OPERA COMES ALIVE. And so it did last week, as the City company presented new works by U.S. composers. In an evening titled "An American Trilogy," the company premiered three one-act works by two well-known New Yorkers, Stanley Silverman and Thomas Pasatieri, and a relatively unknown Middle Westerner, Jan Bach. The results were mixed, but overall the night was a success and a must for anyone interested in the state of American opera.

The least rewarding is the first of the three, Silverman's *Madame Adare*. Using a libretto by Richard Foreman, his longtime collaborator, the composer has written a fantasy, or more precisely a phantasmagoria, about psychoanalysis and creativity. As the piece begins, Miss Adare, played by Soprano Carol Gutknecht, is seeing her psychiatrist Dr. Hoffman (Bass-Baritone Richard Cross). Her problem: she cannot make up her mind whether she wants to be an opera star or a movie star, and while she dallies, she cannot even make enough money to pay for her sessions. When Hoffman refuses to treat her again until she pays up, she tries to shoot him but misses. Her agent (Baritone James Billings) tells her to make a choice, opera, stage or screen. Then the devil (Bass Harris Poor) appears in a gray three-piece suit. "Simply sign your name," he says, "and I guarantee you fame." Finally she is visited by Diaghilev (Tenor Nico Castel), who also offers her success as a singer.

Opera is her choice, and when she next sees Dr. Hoffman it is to pay him and tell him that she is well. Hoffman refutes her and says that it was a mista even to try to cure her. Her gift as a si er springs from her neurosis, he sa echoing Rilke's famous line: If analysis moves the demons that besiege an art won't it also take away the angels that r tivate him? Adare replies, "That's g bage, doctor," and pulls out her pi again, this time killing him. That do she is notorious, and Hollywood becko She is both an opera and a film star. S has it all.

If *Madame Adare* sounds like a ju ble, it is. In previous works, Silverm 42, and Foreman, 43, deliberately avo ed linear plot lines in favor of surreal r sical and visual images, with results t were sometimes beguiling. Here th are too many images and, perverse too much plot. Silverman's music is, always, eclectic and occasionally wi When Adare decides to become an era singer, for instance, the orches plays strains from *Boris Godunov*. U fortunately, Silverman seems to have point of view, and his music is an i inspired mélange.

The second one-acter, Pasatieri's *fore Breakfast*, is considerably more s cessful. Adapted by Director Frank C saro from a play by Eugene O'Neill is a melodrama similar in style, if not score, to Poulenc's *La Voix Humai* The setting is a grim Depression flat. S prano Marilyn Zschau is preparing brea fast for her husband before leaving her own job as a waitress. While s flops around the room in her sl she carries on a one-way conv sation with the silent and unse spouse as he gets up and goes in the bathroom to shave.

Mostly she berates him as a ch and a loafer. She is an i migrant's daughter; he is the son a millionaire who lost his fortu They met at a dance marathon a married soon after. Now she su ports him by waiting on tables, wh he spends his days writing, drinki and philandering. She assaults h with this sorry history, until final past mere desperation, he uses razor to cut his throat. Zschau ru es into the bathroom and emerg appropriately, with his blood on h hands.

It is an intense work, musica as well as dramatically, and both t composer and the singer make t most of it. Pasatieri's music is pla ing rather than profound, but l lyrical gift is real. There are bea tiful swelling orchestral lines in *L fore Breakfast*, and a touching, pla gent piano solo. The influence Gian Carlo Menotti is obvious, b in this, his 14th opera, Pasati speaks nonetheless in a voice all h own. Zschau is generally impressi

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Music

in a role that was originally written for Beverly Sills. Zschau is a fine actress, as well as singer, and her only fault, a major one alas, is her inability to enunciate clearly all of Corsaro's words.

Perhaps the most interesting of the new productions, however, is the one by the least known composer. Bach, 42, a professor of music at Northern Illinois University in De Kalb, Ill., had written only one opera before *The Student from Salamanca*, but he clearly knows what he is doing. Using two short Cervantes works, which he put into words himself, he has created an amusing variation on an old theme: the young wife, the old husband and the handsome young man who comes along to complicate their lives.

When Craccio, the old man, goes out of town, Cristina, an attractive housemaid, brings two men to entertain her and her pretty mistress. The men, the town barber and apothecary, are comic oafs, and both women are relieved to hear another male voice from offstage. Enter the student from Salamanca, who has been beset by robbers and is looking for food and lodging—among other things. The husband unexpectedly returns, and the plot goes on its merry way to a happy ending.

The complaining wife in *Before Breakfast*

There are hints of Rossini and Donizetti in all this. Yet Bach manages to translate traditional themes into his own idiom: the opera's feeling is classical; its music is modern. The opening sets the tone, with sounds as light as Lloyd Evans' airy sets. The momentum flags somewhat in the middle, but then at the end the composer recaptures his inspiration with a beautiful fugue, all six singers joining in joyous celebration. The cast is admirable. Beverly Evans as the maid is a good bit more than admirable, combining a fine mezzo-soprano with a deft feel for low comedy.

Two successes out of three tries is not bad, and Beverly Sills, the City Opera's new general director, can take pride in this entire program. Where is opera in America? Go to the muted Met's neighbor and find out. —*By Gerald Clarke*

Dance

Makarova: New Whirl in Town

A prima ballerina's company makes a Broadway debut

The monthlong Manhattan engagement of the new Makarova and Company ballet, which opened last week, gives dance on Broadway a slightly new turn. Rudolf Nureyev has frequently dropped in on the Great White Way, but always surrounded by a definitely subordinate cast of professionals. Natalia Makarova, probably the world's prima ballerina, aimed both higher and lower. She attracted a stunning array of top ballet stars: Fernando Bujones, Anthony Dowell, Cynthia Gregory, Denys Ganio, Elisabetta Terabust, Karen Kain and Peter Schaufuss. But to fill out the ranks, Makarova raided ballet schools for 29 youngsters, almost all lacking professional experience.

As might be expected, this unusual troupe's debut was an up-and-down affair. Makarova's restaging of the Petipa choreography for *Paquita, Act II* evoked a muscular, high-flying performance by Bujones and a precise, rather chilly one from Terabust; the intricate variations fell to baby ballerinas who were rarely up to their tasks. Makarova and Dowell danced Béjart's *Sonata No. 5* as if blindingly fused together, down to the last sinuous contortion and arbitrary tic. The world premiere of *Ventietta*, created for Makarova by Choreographer Lorca Massine, gave her the chance to put on a gypsy costume and flirt and shimmy with Dowell, Bujones and Ganio, amid much running about by the corps. What was supposed to have been a crowd-pleaser proved chiefly a puzzler.

Such problematical openings are often fatal on Broadway, but Makarova and Company is hardly typical fare. For one thing, this program was only the first of four. Still to come are the world premiere of Barry Moreland's *Ondine* and the first performance outside the Soviet Union of Maya Murdma's *Studies*. Even balletomanes who were troubled by the uneven debut will probably be lured back by the curiosities ahead.

BILL PIERCE

Anthony Dowell and Natalia Makarova in Béjart's *Sonata #5*

Makarova's venture is being backed (at an estimated cost of more than $250,000 a week) by James M. Nederlander, head of his family's large theatrical organization. Present plans call for a U.S. tour in the spring and a possible European junket after that. Makarova wanted to be artistic director of the American Ballet Theater, her main performing base since she defected from the Soviet Union ten years ago, but lost that post to fellow Emigré Mikhail Baryshnikov. Her new venture not only gives her control over a company but allows her to choose roles that she might otherwise not get. She also wants to pass on the training she received at Leningrad's fabled Kirov school to American dancers. The inexperience of her corps was intentional: "I just have a strong desire to build these girls into very interesting artists." First-night jitters notwithstanding, questions about the company's permanence are staggeringly premature. So far, Makarova and Company has shown that Broadway is a tough place to try out and that all journeys, even by dancers, begin with a single step. —*By Paul Gray*

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Cinema

Soul mates of a sort: Jason Robards as Howard Hughes and Paul Le Mat as Melvin Dummar

Desert Dream

MELVIN AND HOWARD
Directed by Jonathan Demme
Screenplay by Bo Goldman

There is, of course, a historical Melvin Dummar. He is the Utah gas station operator who claims that in 1968 he picked up an injured Howard Hughes in the desert, gave him a lift back to Las Vegas, and was rewarded by being named a beneficiary of Hughes' will—a document that the courts ruled invalid two years ago. Anyone looking for authentic information about *that* Melvin and *that* Howard is advised herewith that this movie will not help: the film makes no claims about Melvin's tale one way or the other. But anyone looking for the poetic truth about Dummar, and most especially about the sweetly dreaming life of the American underclass that produces characters like him, is advised to see this movie, which is just about as good as American films get: sly and funny and, in the end, terribly touching.

Mary Steenburgen

At the time he rescues Hughes, Melvin's hopes for success are focused on a lyric he has written and has had set to music for a $75 fee he cannot really afford. When Melvin insists on singing *Santa's Souped-Up Sleigh* to Hughes, the thing turns out to be as awful as the title. A little later Dummar's wife Lynda, fed up with the futility of her husband's vague schemes, takes their child and leaves him to find work as a go-go dancer in a topless joint. Outraged, Melvin turns up at the place one evening and commences to make a terrible scene just before Lynda sheds her top. When she protests heatedly, "But I love to dance," one sees that she is not kidding, that inside her head she is the star of an old Gene Kelly musical, no matter how tawdry the external realities.

Indeed, when Lynda and Melvin get back together, it is her terpsichorean gift that briefly rescues him from having to succeed in his ingenuous but feckless quest for the "Milkman of the Month" prize at the dairy where he takes a job. She picks up money to pay the bills by tap dancing off with the top prize on *Easy Street*, a parody of one of those game shows that are themselves a parody of the American dream. But she leaves Melvin again, this time for good, when he invests some of her winnings in a huge cabin cruiser; this he parks uselessly in their driveway, from which unlikely spot he radios the Coast Guard for marine weather reports.

"C'est la vie," Lynda says as she departs, adding that it has always been her dream to become a French translator. "But you don't speak French," says Melvin. "I told you, it was only a dream," she replies, and in the sudden rush of ferocity that comes into her tone the truth of this film lies.

Like Preston Sturges, the great American comedy director of 40 years ago whose work this film most resembles, Jonathan Demme understands that however flaky and naive a simple soul's dream may be, it is the thing that sustains him and gives him a reason to live; thus he cannot permit his dream to be trifled with. As there was in Demme's equally expert 1977 film *Handle with Care*, there is affection without patronization here, an unforced appreciation of eccentricity that, in the age of *Animal House*, is wonderful to behold.

Moreover, Demme's collaborators are caught up in his good, wise spirit. Bo Goldman's script refuses to force any situation and is rich enough in invention to throw away lines that other writers might use as the comic point of a scene. Paul Le Mat as Melvin is a patient counterpuncher, the kind of actor who wins on points rather than with kayo effects. Jason Robards as Hughes turns what might have been little more than a cameo into an affecting and rounded portrayal. There is a touching, wistful air about him. Whether or not Hughes actually left money to Dummar, there is little question from this performance that they were soul mates of a sort, fellow fantasists lost in the American wasteland.

But the picture belongs to Mary Steenburgen, who is the new Jean Arthur—and about time too. As Dummar's wife, she has Arthur's askew combination of practicality and romanticism, a decisiveness that is stated distractedly. She's lovely, and so is this film, so rich in internal rhymes and memorably syncopated rhythms. —*By Richard Schickel*

Black Milk

UNION CITY
Directed and Written by
Mark Reichert

Harlan (Dennis Lipscomb) thinks he's Bogie: swatting his cigarette lighter open, swigging Seagram's from a pint bottle, talking tough to the little lady. He's not. He's a middle-aged shlemiel of an accountant—a surly, sulky Bob Newhart—with a restless young wife and a fatal case of paranoia. Lillian (Deborah Harry) thinks she's Betty Bacall: purple nightgowns, lots of makeup and suggestive patter, gentleman friend on the side. She's not. She's a housewife who cannot keep house, and whose only escape from her drab apartment is a weekly movie matinee with the superintendent (Everett McGill). O.K., her Mongol cheekbones do suggest a touch of fashion-model class. True, the young super does look as if he placed second in a Jack Palance look-alike contest. But it is still 1953, and this is Union City, N.J. From the wrong side of the Hudson River, the lights of New York can seem a million miles away.

Union City, made for $500,000 by Mark Reichert, 32, has been called the first punk-rock *film noir*. At first glance, the phrase fits. Deborah Harry, making her dramatic-film debut, is the blond of Blondie; Chris Stein, who composed the sepulchrally melodious score, is Blondie's lead guitarist; Pat Benatar, in a featured role, has an album of her own. And *Union City* is faithful to the tones and undertones of *film noir*, that postwar style of moviemaking that transposed Raymond Chandler's mean-streets prose and James M. Cain's haunted losers to celluloid. Electric blue and neon orange infiltrate the Venetian blinds as Harlan, obsessed with finding the person who has been drinking from the milk bottles outside his door, strikes the culprit with a blow hard enough to kill and then hides the body in

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Cinema

Harry and McGill in *Union City*

Shabby lives and squalid passions.

the apartment next door. The film's moral is as curt and curdled as any in old *film noir:* Don't die over spilled milk

But *Union City* has other things on its mind. For a start, this is a *film noir* in garish, ominous primary colors; the design takes its cue from the camp surrealism of modern Germanic directors like Daniel Schmid and Hans-Jürgen Syberberg. More important, however funny-peculiar the plot, *Union City* tracks its characters' shabby lives and squalid passions so relentlessly that it becomes a portrait of lower-middle-class despair. And Lipscomb's performance is devastatingly acute. His gestures are just too broad, his harsh voice much too loud; Harlan's swagger and insecurity go hand in white-knuckled hand. Lipscomb throws himself into Harlan's impotent pettiness with a vigor that is sometimes hard to watch. It may alienate viewers who have slipped into the theater in search of a Deborah Harry concert and instead found a tongue-in-chic study of a man very much like their least favorite neighbor. Other moviegoers, who may not know Blondie from Dagwood, are advised to take the leap onto the hard rocks of New Jersey funk.

—By Richard Corliss

Love and Death

LOULOU

Directed by Maurice Pialat
Screenplay by Arlette Langmann and Maurice Pialat

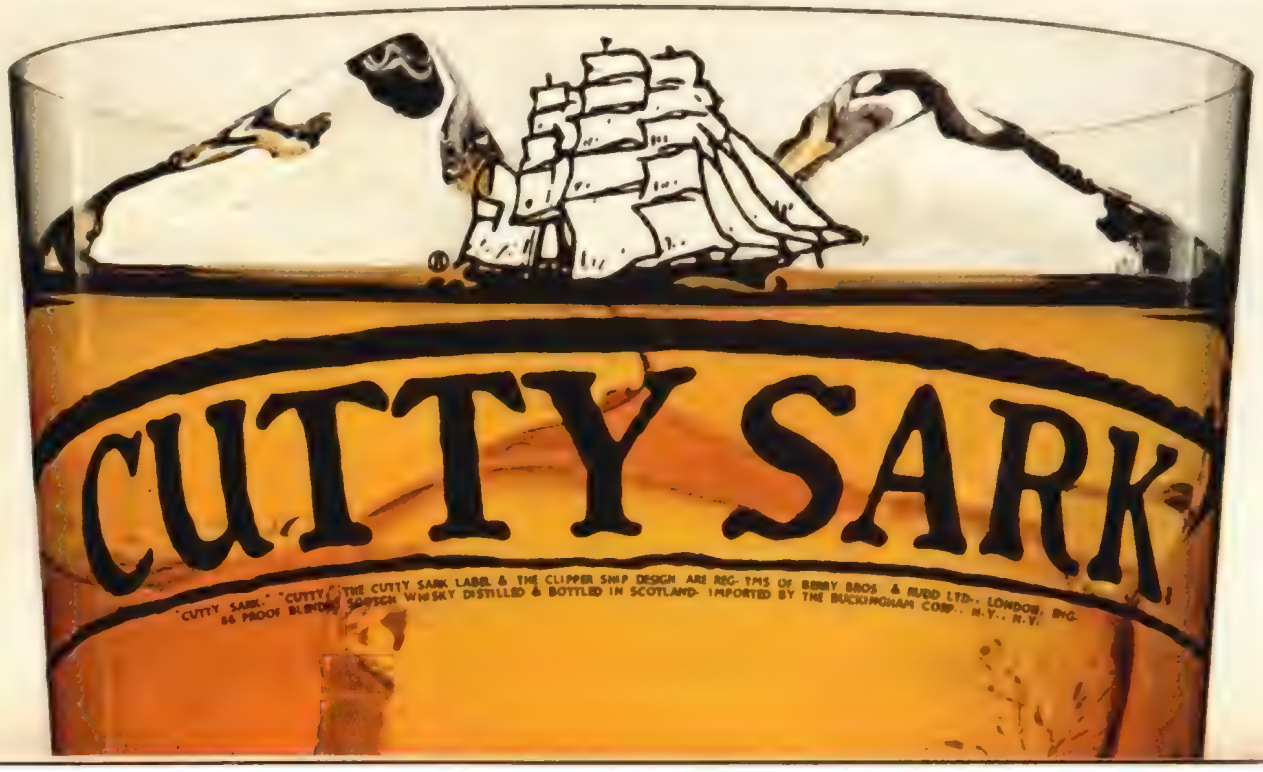
French Director Maurice Pialat sits behind his camera like a bacteriologist at his microscope, waiting patiently for his subjects to squirm to life. He does not argue or judge; he observes and classifies

In 13 years he has made but five films, each dissecting the lives of the French working class at a crisis point: the onset of adolescence, the breakup of a marriage, the end of a life. His best film, *The Mouth Agape* (1974), traced a woman's slow, painful death and its effect on her husband and her son. The film was slow and painful, and almost heroic in its unflinching compassion. Now, in *Loulou*, Pialat tells the story of an arrogant wastrel (Gérard Depardieu) and his sexual hold on a middle-class woman (Isabelle Huppert). She rejects the wimpy masochism of her petulant lover for the violent energies of the world's greatest stud. *Last Tango*, Take 2

This is, potentially, hot stuff. But Depardieu and Huppert, who at least on paper would seem to make a pretty erotic combination, refuse to strike sparks Depardieu has played this part before, and now looks to have played it out. Huppert, with the freckled, enigmatic face of a sullen schoolgirl, is a *tabula rosé* on which other directors have written personality. But Pialat is too reticent to give her dramatic motivation, and Huppert is too self-enclosed to convey the orgasmic release that would give her character, and the film, a little life. Alas, *Loulou* is a corpse, and here Pialat has only graduated from sympathetic scientist to a coroner of sexual obsession.

—R.C.

OCEANS APART FROM ORDINARY SCOTCH.



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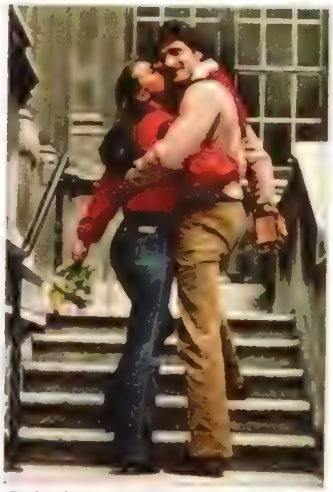

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TIME

Cinema

Funny Smell

COAST TO COAST
Directed by Joseph Sargent
Screenplay by Stanley Weiser

Fashions in movie genres hit Hollywood in successive waves of benign silliness. Remember the gang-war cycle, the roller-disco pix, the movies about movie stuntmen? Now there's another improbable genre: Noah's ark meets the road movie. Within the past year, three films have told the story of a salt-of-the-earth guy and a sugar-and-spice gal who meet, fight and find true love while trucking cross-country in the company of large animals. Robert Redford and Jane Fonda liberated a Thoroughbred in *The Electric Horseman;* Burt Reynolds and Sally Field midwifed a pregnant elephant in

Cannon and Blake in *Coast to Coast*
A frisky filly and a baby bull.

Smokey and the Bandit II; and now Robert Blake and Dyan Cannon transport a herd of cattle *Coast to Coast.* This picture follows the standard itinerary: "meeting cute" in Pennsylvania, mutual suspicion in Appalachia, fistfight and car crash in Kansas City, loving and leaving in the Rockies, reconciliation in California. At the fadeout, man, woman and cows are all contented

The animal metaphor obtains here. Blake is a rambunctious baby bull, snorting and butting and pawing the ground, looking for a matador his own size. Cannon is a gorgeous, frisky filly with a case of the giggles. Together, even in a pasture full of chuckholes, the lovers have a lot of fun, and some of it is infectious. Director Sargent orchestrates the punch-drunk merriment with finesse. But one cannot help remembering that the movie's working title was *What's That Funny Smell?* Under any title, it offers the film equivalent of a day on the farm: a little fowl and a lot of bull. —*R.C.*

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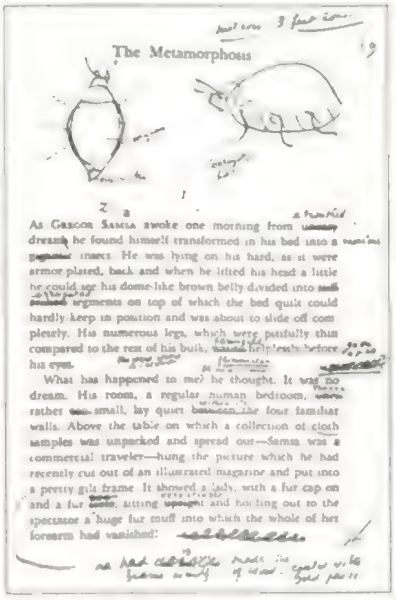
Interest in Bugs, Not Humbugs

VLADIMIR NABOKOV: LECTURES ON LITERATURE
Edited by Fredson Bowers; Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; 385 pages; $19.95

"All satisfied with their seats? O.K. No talking, no smoking, no knitting, no newspaper reading, no sleeping, and for God's sake take notes." So began Literature 311-312 at Cornell in the '50s. Professor Nabokov presiding. Teaching was of necessity Nabokov's livelihood in those pre-*Lolita* days, and he took to it as he took to all the shifting fortunes of his long émigré life: with energy, flair and an unfailing relish for the ironies of the situation. Somewhere in one of those classes, as Nabokov might have guessed, was at least one future novelist, Thomas Pynchon. Somewhere in his own imagination glimmered at least two future academic portraits, the title character of *Pnin* and the poet John Shade of *Pale Fire*.

Meantime from the podium he projected another character of his own creation, the cosmopolitan, eccentric lecturer: authoritarian but also authoritative, alternately mock-stern and mischievous (he sometimes started over in mid-lecture, to see how long it would take the class to notice), arrogant yet never harsh, in fact downright kindly at times. After explaining that the transformed Gregor Samsa in Kafka's *The Metamorphosis* was not a cockroach but a beetle, and that beneath his carapace he possessed unsuspected wings, Nabokov told his students: "This is a very nice observation on my part to be treasured all your lives. Some Gregors, some Joes and Janes, do not know that they have wings."


The Metamorphosis

As Gregor Samsa awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a monstrous gigantic insect. He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like brown belly divided into stiff arched segments on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his eyes.

What has happened to me? he thought. It was no dream. His room, a regular human bedroom, only rather too small, lay quiet between the four familiar walls. Above the table on which a collection of cloth samples was unpacked and spread out—Samsa was a commercial traveler—hung the picture which he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame. It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished.

Notations for Kafka's short story

No collection of Nabokov's lectures and notes could fully recapture the flavor of his professorial persona, but *Lectures on Literature* comes as close as one could hope for. Elegantly edited by Fredson Bowers, handsomely printed in an oversized format, it includes discussions of seven classic European and English novels and is extensively illustrated with Nabokov's drawings, diagrams, maps, floor plans and marginal annotations ("Idiot!" he scrawled typically next to one of the many mistranslations that outraged him).

At Cornell, wrote Biographer Andrew Field, "Nabokov belonged to the department of Nabokov." Just as well, considering the cheerful contempt for critical orthodoxies that resounds through these lectures. The whole historical and sociological dimension of Dickens' *Bleak House*, he announces, "is neither interesting nor important." He dismisses Freudian interpretations of *The Metamorphosis* by saying, "I am interested here in bugs, not in humbugs." As for character study in Jane Austen's *Mansfield Park*, "the worst way to read a book is childishly to mix with the characters in it as if they were living people." Great works of art, for Nabokov, are not so much versions of the real world as new worlds unto themselves, "supreme fairy tales" whose essential harmony and radiance are self-contained and self-sufficient.

The essence of these worlds, their "inner weave," lies in their details. "One should notice and fondle details," he says. "There is nothing wrong about the moonshine of generalization when it comes *after* the sunny trifles of the book have been lovingly collected." The bulk of these lectures consists of rapt, minute scrutiny of such trifles. Nabokov does a virtual time-and-motion study of the daylong "dance of fate" between Leopold Bloom and Stephen Dedalus in Joyce's *Ulysses*. He reads volumes into Flaubert's use of the word *and* in *Madame Bovary*. Under his microscope, the "flushed prism" of Proust's style reveals a particular rose-purple mauve as the precise color of time.

On the page, unenlivened by Nabokov's rich accent or his antic platform mannerisms, this methodical tracing of specifics could be slow going. Yet it never lapses into dry exegesis. Nabokov keeps stepping back for a longer view of his subject from some surprising angle. Dickens, he insists, is anything but sentimental in his treatment of children in *Bleak House*. *Madame Bovary*, that supposed landmark of realism, he finds to be a tissue of implausibilities (although he adds that they do not matter). Above all, he continually exhorts the reader to look for his own angles, to read "not with his heart, not so much with his brain, but with his spine. It is there that occurs the telltale tingle." Of the three guises that he says any great writer assumes—storyteller, teacher, enchanter—he leaves no doubt about which he venerates.

Nabokov's faith in the transforming magic of an artist's style leads him to overrate the beautifully written blarney of Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. By the same token, he somewhat underrates Jane Austen, who, despite her "pert, precise and polished" prose, is so deeply rooted in the quotidian that he misses her enchantment. Yet he celebrates his own aesthetic, the "capacity to wonder at trifles," with an ardor that is irresistible. "These

MACLEAN DAMERON

Nabokov preparing a lecture at Cornell, 1957

"Some Joes and Janes do not know that they have wings."

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asides of the spirit, these footnotes in the volume of life are the highest forms of consciousness," he maintains, "and it is in this childishly speculative state of mind, so different from commonsense and its logic, that we know the world to be good."

This is nothing less than an artistic credo, a point that readers today can appreciate more readily than the students of Literature 311-312. The enormous success of *Lolita* in 1958, which freed Nabokov from teaching, made most people aware for the first time that he had practically a lifetime of such writing behind him. Had the students only known it, their professor was not only explaining Dickens or Flaubert or Kafka. With his quirky insights, his cunning traceries and meticulous diagrams, he was also charting the mind of another great novelist: himself. —*By Christopher Porterfield*

Fine Red Dirt

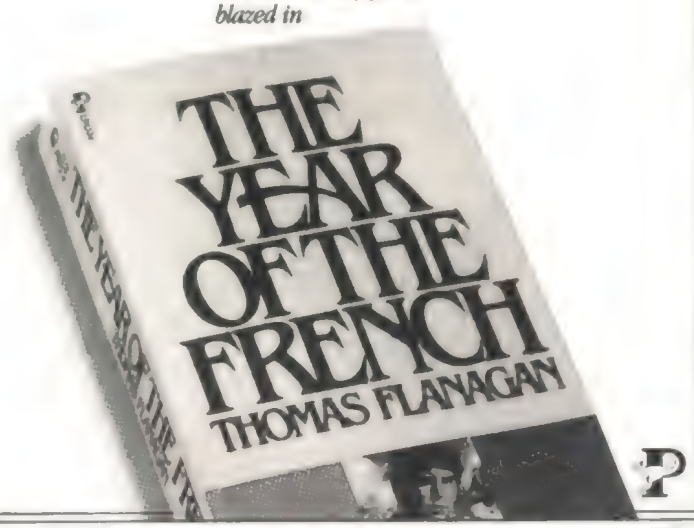
CRACKERS
by Roy Blount Jr.
Knopf; 291 pages; $10.95

"Georgia is a place you get sent to or you come from or you march through or you drive through," writes Roy Blount. "It's got some fine red dirt, hills, vegetables, and folks, but I don't believe anybody has ever dreamed of growing up and moving to Georgia." That includes ex-Atlantan Blount, the sportswriter and humorist whose 1974 *About Three Bricks Shy of a Load* did for the Pittsburgh Steelers roughly what Sherman did for the South.

Back in 1976, when a fellow Georgian was elected President, the author sensed a sort of redneck renaissance in the making: "The assumption seemed to be, you weren't going to have to do anything except be Southern to reflect the Administration's glory. Persons wearing boots caked with South Georgia slops and pig dung were going to be whooping and rolling and snorting and dancing in the streets of Washington, slaughtering hogs and boiling up big vats of grits out back of the Sans Souci." But as the Carter era wore on, Blount felt betrayed. He would not forgive his fellow Southerner for letting Congress, the Soviets, the Iranians and that killer rabbit make him look foolish. Why, he wonders, couldn't the President be more like his brother, a real, no-nonsense redneck? "The first Cracker President should have been a mixture of Jimmy and Billy," Blount reckons, "a cobbler of Billy's basic blackberries oozing up into and through Jimmy's cut-to-specifications crust ... forming a nice-and-awful compound like life in Georgia."

So much for the intellectual content. The rest of the book is a cunning, amusing and not always pertinent decoupage of articles centering on Blount's South pole: an amusing essay on the habits of the possum; or the tale of a woman who

The fires that burn in Ireland today first blazed in



Bill Cosby talks to Jim Lund: Red Cross lifesaving hero.

Cosby:
"Must've been fate that brought you to that motel 1,000 miles from home, Jim."

Lund:
"Good thing I walked out by the pool when I did, Bill – that boy would be a drowning statistic. Nobody else knew what to do. A man was shaking the kid by his heels.

All I could think was *get air in those lungs.* I laid him down and tilted his head back to open the airway so I could breathe some life into him.

The mouth-to-mouth was – everything was automatic. My Red Cross training came back clear as a bell that day – 25 years after I took that course."

Cosby:
And the boy – O.K.?

Lund:
"First time I ever got pleasure seeing a little boy cry. His father cried, too.

Cosby:
"Bet he was grateful.

Lund:
"Yes, that boy's father was grateful. So was I. Grateful for Red Cross."

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gets stuck to a dry cleaner's revolving garment rack with Super Glue and spends her days plotting a damage suit with her attorney trotting along beside her as she goes round and round with the cleaning; or Blount's modest proposals for new mass media. One scheme would eliminate the more boring moments of life by "quick cutting" people from, say, home to office by means of roving teams armed with chloroform and stretchers. Another would provide a personalized morning newspaper, summarizing what a reader did the night before:

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TEN DRAMBUIES

For lagniappe, Blount throws in a few dozen original song lyrics, including, "He's in the driver's seat now,/ Beside him sits my wife./ And I'm just a bug on the windshield of life." Or

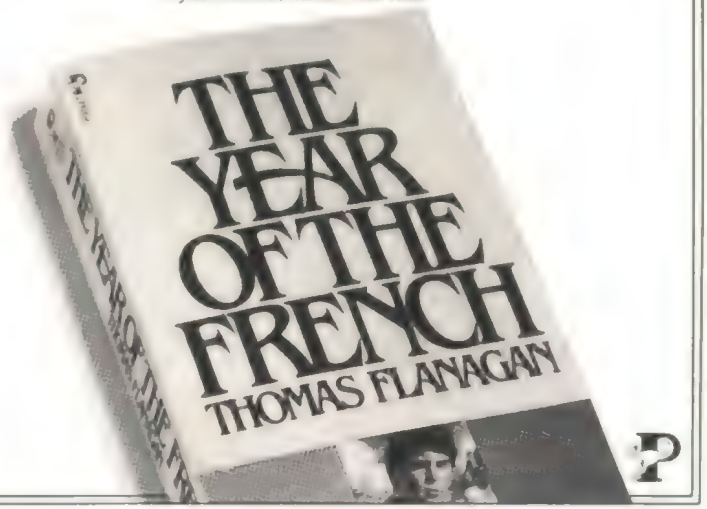
She's my Sugarbaby,
She's my pride,
She's all Polly Esther
And a yard wide.

I doubt she'll ever wrinkle bad,
She's got a kind of shine,
She's all Polly Esther
And two-thirds mine.

If *Crackers* reveals an overarching thesis, it is that contemporary America, like its President, is too emotionally constrained, too given to artifice, too

Roy Blount Jr.
Just a bug on the windshield of life.

"GRAND AND SAD, WITH FEROCIOUS SWEEP... I HAVEN'T SO THOROUGHLY ENJOYED AN HISTORICAL NOVEL SINCE WAR AND PEACE."
—JOHN LEONARD, THE NEW YORK TIMES



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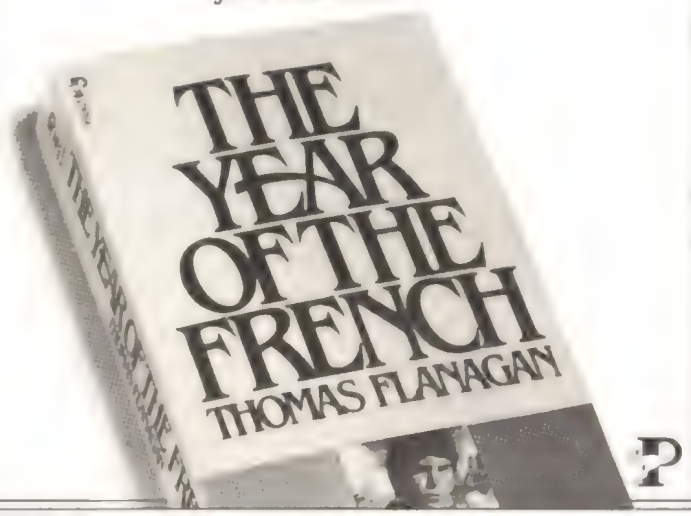

A LOT OF THE ABUSES CHILDREN ENDURE ARE EVEN WORSE THAN BROKEN BONES.

Battered children are what most people think of when they think of child abuse. But horrible as it may seem, physical abuse is only one of several ways over a million children are abused each year.

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Northern. "Hey: we are in a time when the most sweeping program is *Laverne and Shirley*," complains Blount. "When you can buy artificial gravy entailing 'beef-style' granules. When 'comparison shopping' is not considered redundant . . . when the dollar is funnier than the zloty, and when Fudgsicles and tomatoes taste about the same." A familiar granule-style beef, but seldom so wittily or exuberantly expressed. It hardly matters that other writers have spoken cantankerously with spoon-bread accents and loony inspirations. After all, as Georgians like to inquire, why not the best? —*By Donald Morrison*

Editors' Choice

FICTION: Consenting Adults or The Duchess Will Be Furious, *Peter De Vries* • Italian Folktales, *selected and retold by Italo Calvino* • Joshua Then and Now, *Mordecai Richler* • Loon Lake, *E.L. Doctorow* • The Middle Ground, *Margaret Drabble* • The Second Coming, *Walker Percy* • The Stories of Ray Bradbury, *Ray Bradbury*

NONFICTION: Abroad, *Paul Fussell* American Dreams: Lost and Found, *Studs Terkel* • China Men, *Maxine Hong Kingston* • Lyndon, *Merle Miller* • The Letters of Evelyn Waugh, *edited by Mark Amory* • The Soul of the Wolf, *Michael Fox* Walter Lippmann and the American Century, *Ronald Steel*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Firestarter, *King (1 last week)*
2. The Key to Rebecca, *Follett (4)*
3. Rage of Angels, *Sheldon (2)*
4. The Fifth Horseman, *Collins & Lapierre (3)*
5. The Tenth Commandment, *Sanders (5)*
6. Come Pour the Wine, *Freeman*
7. Shōgun, *Clavell*
8. The Hidden Target, *MacInnes*
9. The Second Lady, *Wallace*
10. Music for Chameleons, *Capote (6)*

NONFICTION

1. Crisis Investing, *Casey (1)*
2. The Sky's the Limit, *Dyer (3)*
3. Free to Choose, *Milton & Rose Friedman (5)*
4. Shelley, *Winters (4)*
5. Number 1, *Martin & Golenbock (2)*
6. Merv, *Griffin with Barsocchini*
7. Nothing Down, *Allen (6)*
8. Craig Claiborne's Gourmet Diet, *Claiborne with Franey (8)*
9. Reconciliations, *Rubin*
10. How You Can Become Financially Independent by Investing in Real Estate, *Lowry (10)*

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Honoring a Pole Apart

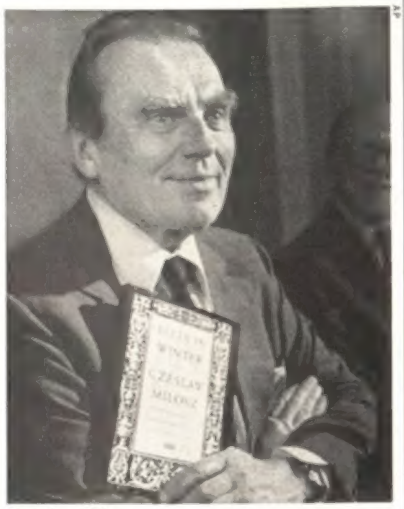
Nobel Prize goes to émigré Poet Czeslaw Milosz

He is familiar to serious students of poetry. Otherwise he is little known outside Poland and the Slavic language department of the University of California at Berkeley. Yet last week Czeslaw Milosz (pronounced *Chess*-wahf *Mee*-wash), 69, an émigré poet-scholar and naturalized American citizen, won the 1980 Nobel Prize for Literature.

In announcing the award, worth $212,000, the Swedish Academy cited Milosz's "uncompromising clear-sightedness" in a world thick with moral and intellectual conflicts. This is the familiar yet urgent condition of the modernist tradition into which Milosz was thrust by history. As he wrote in *Mid-Twentieth-Century Portrait* (1945): "Keeping one hand on Marx's writings, he reads the Bible in private./ His mocking eye on processions leaving burnt-out churches./ His backdrop: a horseflesh-colored city in ruins."

Irony, pathos and wistful disenchantment color the writer's prose. Reflecting on World War II and the Nazi occupation that shaped his outlook, Milosz observed: "The act of writing a poem is an act of faith; yet if the screams of the tortured are audible in the poet's room, is not his activity an offense to human suffering? And if the next hour may bring his death and the destruction of his manuscript, should the poet engage in such a pastime?"

This tension between private vision and public violence unified a group of Polish wartime writers. Milosz went underground in Warsaw where he battled the Germans with a clandestine press, firing the spirit of resistance with articles and anti-Nazi poetry. From 1946 to 1950, he served in Washington and Paris as a member of Warsaw's diplomatic corps. He translated T.S. Eliot, Walt Whitman and Carl Sandburg and wrote articles for the Polish press. But all was not well between the private and public man. Having escaped Hitler's oppression, Milosz now felt hemmed in by the Stalinist monolith. In 1951 he broke with the regime and became an exile in Paris. The reasons for his defection became clear two years later with the appearance of *The Captive Mind:* "The immediate cause of my break with the Polish People's Democracy was socialist realism. It would be wrong to judge that this official theory of art, imposed by Moscow, forces the writer and artist to renounce certain aesthetic likings. It forces him to renounce something more: truth."



Czeslaw Milosz

Clear-sightedness in a world of conflict.

In 1960 Milosz, his wife and two sons moved to Berkeley, where the poet joined the faculty of the University of California. Reminiscent of another émigré professor, Vladimir Nabokov, the new laureate has a reputation as a dazzling lecturer.

In addition to *The Captive Mind,* Milosz's prose available in English includes *The Seizure of Power,* a novel of wartime Poland; *Native Realm,* an autobiography; *The History of Polish Literature;* and *Emperor of the Earth: Modes of Eccentric Vision,* a collection of essays.

It is Milosz the poet, however, who has been suddenly thrust before the world. Works such as *Selected Poems* (Seabury Press, New York) and *Bells in Winter* (Ecco Press, New York) have long attracted glowing attention from other writers and poets, especially those who share Milosz's state of spiritual and political exile. Says fellow Pole Jerzy Kosinski: "He remains very Slavic in his idiom and main obsession: What is the essence of life? Why are we here? It is not how to live, but why, for the sake of what?" Emigré Poet Joseph Brodsky adds: "What this poet preaches is an awfully sober version of Stoicism which does not ignore reality, however absurd and horrendous."

Milosz himself is more diffident. Asked at a hastily arranged press conference to explain the meaning of his work, he replied: "If I could say it in a few words, I wouldn't have to write poetry." ■

Milestones

BORN. To **Joseph P. Kennedy II,** 28, second of Robert F. Kennedy's eleven children, and his wife **Sheila,** 30, daughter of a Philadelphia banker: twin boys; in Boston. Names: Joseph Patrick III and Matthew Rauch.

DIVORCED. Princess Caroline of Monaco, 23; and **Philippe Junot,** 40, French playboy and financial dabbler; after two years of marriage, no children; in Monte Carlo.

DIVORCED. Dustin Hoffman, 43, Oscar winner last seen on-screen as the abandoned husband who seeks to gain custody of his child in the 1979 film *Kramer vs. Kramer;* and sometime Ballerina-Actress **Anne Byrne,** 36, after eleven years of marriage, one child; in New York City. Lately Hoffman has been squiring Lisa Gottsegen, 25, a lawyer.

DIED. George O'Neill, 59, anthropologist who extolled the virtues of sharing and free communication by spouses in *Open Marriage,* the 1972 bestseller written with his wife Nena, also an anthropologist, and was miffed that its title later became widely used as a catchphrase synonymous with extramarital sex; of complications following abdominal surgery; in New York City.

DIED. Bruce A. Gimbel, 67, merchant-sportsman who for 22 years headed the department-store chain that grew out of a single emporium in Indiana established by his grandfather Adam in 1842; of cardiac arrest; in Greenwich, Conn. An avid private pilot as well as a shrewd businessman, Gimbel led the chain's expansion into the growing suburbs in the '50s. In 1973 he negotiated sale of the firm, then 10% owned by the Gimbel family and now comprising 69 Gimbels and Saks Fifth Avenue stores, to a subsidiary of the British-American Tobacco Co. for $195 million.

DIED. Richard S. Reynolds Jr., 72, president and chairman, between 1948 and 1976, of the Reynolds Metals Co., the big (1979 revenues: $3.3 billion) aluminum maker founded by his father in 1928; of a heart attack; in Richmond. A grandnephew of the founder of the Reynolds tobacco colossus, Reynolds liked to say that "profits are to business what breathing is to life." He helped launch a Wall Street brokerage firm (now part of Dean Witter Reynolds Inc.) before moving to the aluminum company, which is still about 12% owned by the Reynolds family.

DIED. Pearl Luella Kendrick, 90, microbiologist who in 1939 helped develop a vaccine that led to the virtual eradication of whooping cough, long a childhood scourge; of cancer; in Grand Rapids, Mich. Kendrick also developed the standard DPT shot, which provides combined protection against diphtheria, whooping cough and tetanus.

The Busting of American Trust

"Trust is a social good to be protected just as much as the air we breathe or the water we drink." So argues Sissela Bok, a lecturer on medical ethics at Harvard Medical School, in her book *Lying*. Most Americans would readily agree. Yet Americans are finding it ever more risky to trust the world about them. Duplicity crops up so often and so widely that there are moments when it seems that old-fashioned honesty is going out of style.

That is certainly not the case. Most Americans are dependable and forthright—most of the time. Enough people fall short of square dealing, however, to have left Americans a keen hunger for someone to trust. While political lying may have entered an "era of mass production," as Critic Robert Adams says in *Bad Mouth*, the problem of deception goes far beyond politics. Many people in academia, in science, in engineering, in medicine, in law, in the crafts—all have been caught in the act of exercising the scruples of a fly-by-night lightning-rod salesman. Skulduggery turns up so often in the commercial world that the best graduate schools of business train students to cope with deceptive practices. Americans as a whole so stretch the truth in preparing their tax returns that the Internal Revenue Service claims that it cost the U.S. Treasury at least $18 billion last year. An obscure copy editor at the New York *Herald Tribune* coined the phrase Credibility Gap 15 years ago to jazz up a headline over a story about L.B.J.'s Washington. Today Credibility Gap appears to span the continent.

Illustration for TIME by Michael C. Witte

Honesty, as Diogenes would caution, has never been the strong suit of the human species. Mandatory oath taking in legal proceedings was not invented out of faith in the natural probity of witnesses. Everybody fibs, alas. It is also true that every epoch has its roster of villains, its quota of predatory deceit. Yet today the roster seems far longer than usual, and most observers agree that the quota of duplicity—from artful dodging to elaborate fraud—is growing intolerably large.

Why? In addition to the ever present greed and the lust for special advantage, there are a number of reasons for increased deception. The general relaxation of moral codes is doubtless one. Another is the steadily growing pressure for personal achievement in an increasingly competitive world. The incentive to cheat is heightened by the fact that society is more and more an aggregate of strangers dealing impersonally with each other. Finally, there is the snowballing impression that everybody must be cheating.

That accumulating impression, though false, is what takes such a toll of social faith. The abuse of trust has become so commonplace that one must wonder whether society's very capacity to believe is not being gradually undermined. It has taken a drubbing in recent decades. Watergate yesterday, Abscam today (*see* NATION). In between, the people's credulity has been hounded by far more than the usual con games and rackets. The pathetic fact is that Americans seem to be resorting more and more to preying, with methodical duplicity, on other Americans.

Only the young could be unaware of a change in the tone of many ordinary business dealings in the country. Twenty years ago the householder who called a repairman tended to assume, more often than not, that the job would be fairly estimated and honestly carried out. Today Americans are far more likely to feel uneasy when they find it necessary to deal with crafts of all sorts —home improvement companies, television repairmen, appliance mechanics. Investigations of automobile repair shops have turned up such widespread hanky-panky that some car owners half expect to be ripped off when their vehicle needs fixing. Consumer complaint bureaus spend a good deal of their energy handling complaints about price gouging and false representation. The wish to avoid being victims, as well as the wish to save, has turned many Americans into do-it-yourselfers.

Duplicitous practices have also been staining the nation's most prestigious realms. Athletes at several Pacific-10 Conference universities turn out to have been the beneficiaries of a widespread traffic in bogus credits and forged transcripts, sometimes with the connivance of academic administrators. Surgeons have been caught prescribing needless operations and letting medical equipment salesmen suture incisions; one salesman even assisted in a hip joint replacement. Lawyers and doctors have turned up operating auto accident rackets to bilk insurance companies. Engineers have been found out faking X-ray inspections of joints in the Alaska oil pipeline. Enough—though there is much more.

Duplicity racks up innumerable specific victims, to be sure, but the more enduring results are not as easy to spot. The concentrated lying imposed on victims of brainwashing can eventually cause a mind, as Philosopher Hannah Arendt put it, to refuse "to believe in the truth of anything, no matter how well it may be established." Americans clearly have not reacted to widespread deceptions in that pathological way. Even if disenchanted, they have so far tended to become more mulish and skeptical as voters, more diligent as consumers and more strenuous as activists. They have, for example, persuaded Congress and state legislatures to pass a large collection of truth-in-almost-everything laws to ward off duplicity in such activities as lending, labeling and advertising.

Still, some ill effect has been achieved when a nation becomes obsessed with and doubtful about the credibility of just about everybody and everything. One thing that has become more constant than corruption, says Robert O'Brien, a Massachusetts Consumers Council executive, is "the expectation of corruption." Such deepening doubt can be seen as both cause and effect in the every-man-for-himself spirit that has tended to show itself since the early 1970s—at great cost to the spirit of community.

Americans in the best of times must cope with a world designed to confuse the powers of belief and disbelief. Theirs is a huckstering, show-bizzy world jangling with hype, hullabaloo and hooey, bull, baloney and bamboozlement. The supersell of some advertising and the fantasies that stutter forth from TV are enough to keep credulousness off balance.

Today's sheer quantity of disinformation suggests that the people best equipped to cope with contemporary life might be the Dobu Islanders of Melanesia: they habitually practice deceit on everybody and exult in the craft of treachery. Anthropologist Ruth Benedict, who chronicled the ways of the Dobu tribe in *Patterns of Culture*, noted that, in their eyes, a "good" and "successful" man was one "who has cheated another of his place." The U.S. is far from living by any such absurd, upside-down ethic. Yet, in the light of today's trends, it can do no harm to ponder the price society pays for the incessant abuse of trust.

—By Frank Trippett

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